

Strange Newes,  
Of the intercept-  
ing certaine Letters, and a Con-  
vey of Verdes, as they were going *Prinlibe* to  
viſituall the Low Countries.

*Unda impellitur vada,*

By *The Nasse* Gentleman.



Printed 1592.

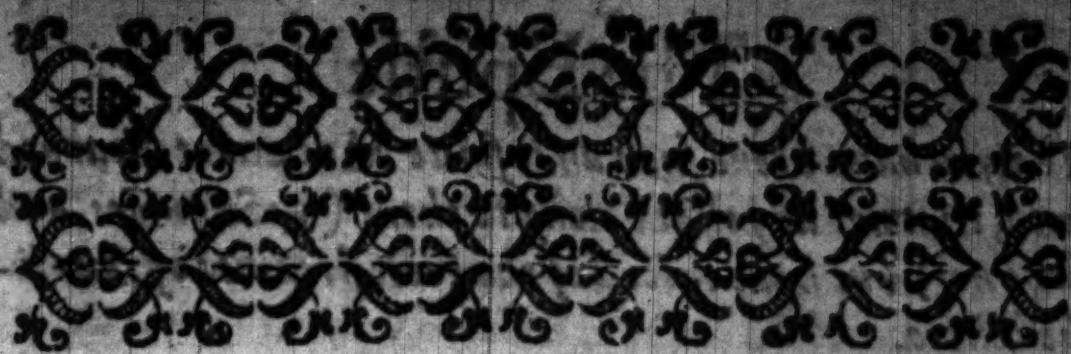


Of the Intercepts  
of certain Letters, and a Com  
munication from the King's Privy Council  
to the Lord of the Council



Printed 1722





## To the most copious Carminist

of our time, and famous persecutor of Priscian, his  
verie friend Maister *Apis lapis*: *Tho. Nashe* wish-  
eth new strings to his old tawnie Purse, and  
all honourable increase of acquaint-  
tance in the Cellar.



*Entle M. William*, that learned writer  
Rhenish wine & Sugar, in the first booke  
of his *Comment vpon Red-noles* hath this  
saying: *veterem ferendo iniuriam inuitas*  
*nouam*; which is as much in English, as  
one Cuppe of nipitaty puls on another. In moyst considera-  
tion woorof, as also in zealous regard of that high coun-  
tenance you shew vnto Schollers, I am bolde in steade of  
new Wine, to carowse to you a cuppe of newes: Which if  
your Worship (according to your wanted Chaucerisme)  
shall accept in good part, Ile bee your daily Orator to pray  
that, that pure sanguine complexion of yours may neuer  
be famisht with pottle-lucke, that you may tast till your  
last gaspe, and liue to see the confusion of both your speci-  
all enemies, Small Beere and Grammer rules.

It is not unknowne to report, what a famous pottle-pot  
Patron you haue beene to olde Poets in your daies, & how  
many pounds you haue spent (and as it were throwne into  
the fire) vpon the durt of wisdom, called *Alcumie*:



## The Epistle

Yea, you haue beene such an infinite Mecenasto learned men, that not any that belong to them (as Sumners, and who not) but haue tasted of the coole streames of your liberalitie.

I would speake in commendation of your hospitalitie likewise, but that it is chronicled in the Archdeacons Court, and the fruites it brought forth (as I gesse) are of age to speake for themselves. Why should vertue bee smothered by blinde circumstance? An honest man of Saffron Walden, kept three sonnes at the Vniuersitie together a long time; and you kept three maides together in your house a long time. A charitable deed, & worthy to be registred in red letters.

Shall I presume to dilate of the granitie of your round cap and your dudgen dagger? It is thought they will make you be cald vpon shortly to be Alderman of the Stilliard. And thats well remembred; I heard saie when this last Terme was remooued to Hartford, you fell into a great studie and care by your selfe, to what place the Stilliard should be remooued: I promise you trulie it was a deepe meditation, and such as might well haue be seemed Elderton parliament of noses to haue sit vpon.

A Tauerne in London, onelie vpon the motion mourned all in blacke, and forbore to girt hir temples with iniie, because the grandame of good fellowship was like to depart from amongst them. And I wonder verie much, that you iampswnd not your selfe into a consumption with the profound cogitation of it.

Diu viuas in amore iocisque, what soener you do, beware of keeping diet. Sloth is a sinne, and one sinne (as one poison) must be expelled with another. What can he doe better that hath nothing to do, than sal a drinking to keep  
him



## Dedicatorie.

him from idlenesse?

*Fah, me thinks my ieasts begin already to smell of the easke, with talking so much of this liquid provinder.*

*In earnest thus; There is a Doctor and his Fart, that haue kept a foule stinking stirre in Paules Churchyard; I crie him mercie I slandered him, he is scarce a Doctor till he hath done his Acts: this dodipoule, this didopper, this professed poetical braggart, hath raild upon me without wit or art, in certaine foure penniworth of Letters, and three farthing-worth of Sonnets; now do I meane to present him and Shakerley to the Queens foole-taker for coach-horses: for two that draw more equallie in one Oratoriall yoke of vaine-glorie there is not under heauen.*

*What saie you Maister Apis lapis, will you with your eloquence and credi: shield me from carpers? Haue you anie odde shreds of Lating to make this letter-munger a cockscombe of?*

*It stands you in hande to arme your selfe against him; for he speaks against Connicatchers, and you are a Connicatcher, as Connicatching is diuided into three parts, the Verser, the Setter, and the Barnacle.*

*A Setter I am sure you are not; for you are no Musitian: nor a Barnacle; for you neuer were of the order of the Barnardines: but the Verser I cannot acquite you of; for M. Vaux of Lambeth brings in sore enidence of a breakefast you wonne of him one morning at an unlawful game cald riming. What lies not in you to amend, plaie the Doctor and defend.*

*A fellow that I am to talke with by and by, being told that his Father was a Rope-maker, excused the matter after this sort; And hath neuer saint had reprobate to his Father? They are his owne wordes, hee cannot goe*



## The Epistle

from them. You see heere hee makes a Reprobate and a Ropemaker, voces conuertibiles. Go too, take example by him to wash out dirt with inke, and run up to the knees in the channell, if you bee once wet shod. You are amongst grave Doctors, and men of iudgement in both Lawes euerie daie, I pray aske them the question in my absence, whether such a man as I haue describ'd this Epistler to be, one that hath a good handsome pickerdeuant, and a prettie leg to studie the Ciuill Law with, that hath made many proper rimes of the olde cut in his daies, and deserved infinitely of the state by extolling himselfe and his two brothers in euerie booke he writes: whether (I saie) such a famous pillar of the Presse, now in the fourteenth or fifteenth yeare of the raigne of his Rhetorike, giuing mony to haue this his illiterat Pamphlet of Letters printed (wheras others haue monie giuen them to suffer themselves to come in Print) it is not to bee counted as flat simonie, and be liable to one and the same penaltie.

I tell you, I meane to trounce him after twentie in the hundred, and haue about with him with two stauces and a pike for this geare.

If he get anything by the bargaine, lette what soeuer I write hence-forward bee condemned to wrappe bumbast in.

Carouse to me good lucke, for I am resolutely bent; the best blond of the brothers shall pledge me in vineger. O would thou hadst a quaffing boule, which like Gawens scull should containe a pecke, that thou mightst swappe off a hartie draught to the successe of this voiage.

By what soeuer thy visage holdeth most pretious I beseech thee, by Iohn Dauies soule, and the blew Bore in the Spittle I coniure thee, to draw out thy purse, and giue me  
nothing



## Dedicatorie.

nothing for the dedication of my Pamphlet.

Thou art a good fellow I know, and hadst rather spend  
deasts than monie. Let it be the taske of thy best tearmes,  
to safeconduēt this booke through the enemies countrey.

Proceede to cherish thy surpassing carminicall arte of  
memorie with full cuppes (as thou dost) let Chaucer bee  
new scourd against the day of battaile, and Terence  
come but in nowe and then with the snuffe of a sentence,  
and Dictum puta, Weele strike it as dead as a doore naile;  
Haud teruntij estimo, We haue cattles meate and dogges  
meate enough for these mangrels. Howener I write mer-  
rilie, I loue and admire thy pleasant wittie humor, which  
no care or crosse can make unconuersable.

Stil be constant to thy content, loue po-

etry, hate pedantisme. Vade, va-

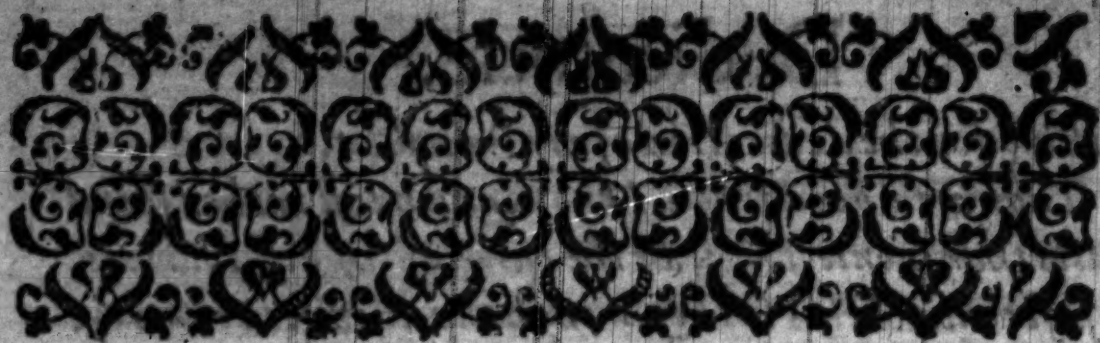
le, caue ne titubes, man-

datāq; frangas.

Thine intirely,

Tho. Nashe.





## To the Gentlemen

*Readers.*



Gentlemen, the strong sayth you haue conceiu'd, that I would do workes of supererrogation in answering the Doctor, hath made mee breake my daye with other important busines I had, and stand dartering of quills a while like the Porpentine.

I know there want not welwillers to my disgrace, who say my onely Muse is contention; and other, that with *Tiberius Caesar* pretending to see in the darke, talke of strange obiectes by them discovered in the night, when in truth they are nothing else but the glimmering of their eies.

I will not holde the candle to the Deuill, vnmaske my holiday Muse to enuie; but if any such deepe insighted detracter, will challenge mee to whatsoeuer quiet aduventure of Art wherein he thinkes mee least conuersant, hee shall finde that I am *Tam Mercurio quàm Marti*, a Scholler in something else but contention.

If idle wittes will needes tye knottes on smooth bulrushes with their tongues, faith the worlde might thinke I had little to attend, if I should goe about to vnloose them with my penne.



## To the Reader :

I cannot tell how it comes to passe but in these ill cide daies of ours, euery man delights with *Imagination* to beget children of clouds, digge for Pearles in dung-hills, and wrest oyle out of iron.

Poore *Pierce Pennilesse*, haue they turnd to a con-iuring booke, for there is not that line in it, with which they doo not seeke to raise vp a Ghost, and like the hog that conuertes the sixth part of his meate into bristles, so haue they conuerted sixe parts of my booke into bitternes.

*Aretine* in a Comuедie of his, wittily complai-neth that vpstart Commenters, with their Annotati-ons and gloses, had extorted that sense and Morall out of *Petrarch*, which if *Petrarch* were aliue a hun-dred Strappadoes might not make him confesse or subscribe too; So may I complaine that rash heads, vpstart Interpreters, haue extorted & rakte that vn-reuerent meaning out of my lines, which a thousand deaths cannot make mee ere grant that I dreamd off.

To them that are abused by their owne iealous collections and no determined trespassse of mine, this aduice by the way of example will I giue.

One conning to Doctour *Perne* on a time, and telling him hee was miserably raild on such a day in a Sermon at Saint Maries in *Cambridge*, I but quoth he (in his puling manner of speaking) did he name me, did he name me, I warrant you goe and aske him, and hee will say hee meant not mee; So they that are vn-groundedly offended at any thing in *Pierce Penni-lesse*, first let them looke if I did name them; if not, but the matter hangeth in suspence, let them send to mee for my exposition, and not buy it at the seconde hand, and I doe not doubt but they will be through-ly satisfied.



## The Epistle

Hee that wraps himselfe in earth like the Foxe, to catch birds, may haps haue a heauy cart go ouer him before he be aware, and breake his backe.

A number of Apes may get the glowworme in the night, and thinke to kindle fire with it, because it glisters so, but God wote they are beguiled it proues in the end to be but fools fire, the poore worme alone with their blowing is warmed, they starud for colde whiles their wood is vntought. Who but a Foppe will labour to anatomize a Flye? Fables were free for any bondman to speake in old time, as *Esop* for an instance, their allusion was not restrained to any particular humor of spite, but generally applyed to a generall vice. Now a man may not talke of a dog, but it is surmised he aimes at him that giueth the dog in his Crest, hee cannot name straw, but hee must plucke a wheate sheaffe in pieces, *Intelligendo faciunt ut nihil intelligent.*

VVhat euer they be that thus persecute Art (as the Alchemists are said to persecute Nature) I would wish them to rebate the edge of their wit, and not grinde their colours so harde, hauing founde that which is blacke, let them not with our forenamed Gold-falsifiers, seeke for a substance that is blacker than black, or angle for frogs in a cleare fountaine.

From the admonition of these vncurtious miscreants. I come to *The killem champion of the three brethren*; he forsooth wil be the first that shal giue *Pierces Peni-tesse* a non place.

It is not inough that hee bepist his credite about twelue yeeres ago, with *Three proper and mittie familiar letters*, but still he must be running on the letter, and abusing the Queenes English without pittie or mercie.



## to the Reader.

Bee it knowne vnto you (Christian Readers) this man is a forestaller of the market of fame, an ingrosser of glorie, a mountebanke of strange wordes, a meere marchant of babies and conny-skims.

Hold vp thy hand *G. H.* thou art heere indicted for an incrocher vpon the fee-simple of the Latin, an enemy to Carriers, as one that takes their occupation out of their hands, and dost nothing but transport letters vp and downe in thy owne commendation, a conspiratour and practiser to make Printers rich, by making thy selfe ridiculous, a manifest briber of Book-sellers and Stationers, to helpe thee to sell away thy bookes (whose impression thou paidst for) that thou mayst haue money to goe home to Trinitie Hall to discharge thy commons.

I say no more but Lord haue mercie vpon thee, for thou art falne into his hands that will plague thee.

Gentlemen, will you be instructed in the quarrell that hath caused him lay about him with his penne and inke-horne so couragiously. About two yeeres since (a fitt time to familiar Epistles) a certayne Theologicall gimpanado, a demie diuine, no higher than a Tailors pressing iron, brother to this huge booke-bearer, that writes himselfe *One of the Emperours Insinians Courtiers*, tooke vpon him to set his foote to mine, and ouer-crow mee with comparatiue reasones. I protest I neuer turned vp any cowheard to looke for this scarabe flye. I had no conceit as then of discovering a breed of fooles in the three brothers bookes: marry when I beheld ordinarie planted on edge of the pulpit against me, & that there was no remedy but the blind Vicar would needs let flie at me with his Churchdore keies, & curse me with bel, book and candle, because in my Alphabet of Idiots I had



## The Epistle

ouer-skipt the Hs, what could I doe but draw vppon him with my penne, and defende my selfe with it and a paper buckler as well as I might.

Say I am as verie a Turke as hee that three yeres ago ranne vpon ropes, if euer I spe'd cyther his or a nie of his kindreds name in reproch, before hee barkt against mee as one of the enemies of the Lambe of God, and fetcht allusions out of the Buttery to debase mee.

Heere beginneth the fray. I vpbraide godly predication with his wicked conuersation, I squirt inke into his decayed eyes with iniquitie to mend their diseased sight, that they may a little better descend into my schollership and learning. The Ecclesiastical duns instead of reccuery waxeth starke blind thereby (as a preseruatiue to some is poyson to others) hee gets an olde Fencer his brother to be reuengd on me for my Philicke; who flourishing about my eares with his two hand sworde of Oratory and Poerry, peraduenture shakes some of the rust of it on my shoulders, but otherwise strikes mee not but with the shadowe of it, which is no more than a flappe with the false scabberd of contumelie; whether am I in this case to arme my selfe against his intent of iniurie, or sitte still with my finger in my mouth, in hope to bee one of simplicities martyrs.

A quest of honorable minded Canalliers go vppon it, and if they shall find by the Law of armes or of ale, that I beeing first prouokt, am to bee inioynde to the peace, or be sworne true seruant to cowardize & patience, when wrong presseth mee to the warres, then wil I bind my selfe prentise to a Cobler, and fresh vnderlay all those wrtings of mine that haue trodde a-  
wrie.



## to the Reader.

Be aduertised (gentle audience) that the *Doctors* proceedings haue thrust vpon mee this sowerly Metaphor, who first contriuing his confutation in a short Pamphlet of six leaues like a paire of summer pumps: afterward (winter growing on) clapt a paire of double soales on it like a good husband, added eight sheets more, and prickt those sheets or soales as full of the hob-nayles of reprehension as they could sticke.

It is not those his new clowted startops iwis, that shall carry him out of the durt.

Sweet Gentlemen, be but indifferent, and you shall see mee desperate. Heere lies my hatte, and there my cloake, to which I resemble my two Epistles, being the vpper garments of my booke, as the other of my body: Saint Fame for mee, and thus I runne vpon him.

*The Nashe.*

B. 3.

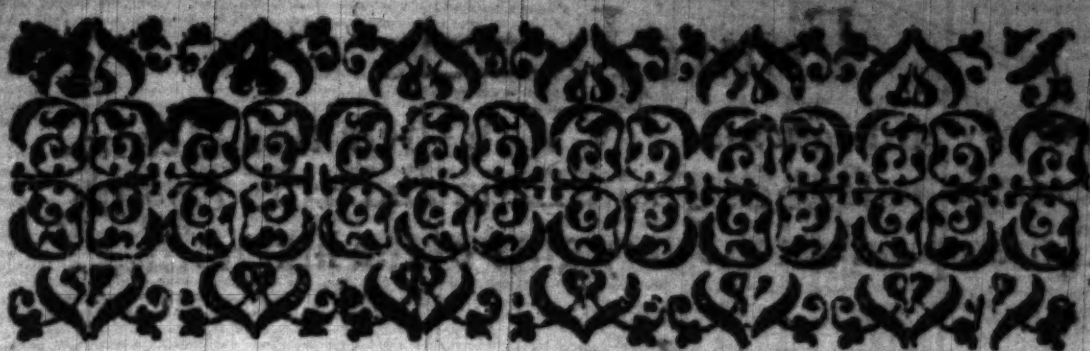
The











# The foure Letters

## Confuted.



*Abriel* and not onely *Gabriel*, but *Gabriellissime Gabriel*, no Angell but ANGELOS, idest, *Nuntius*, a Fawneguest Messenger twixt Maister Bird and Maister *Demetrius*: Behold, here stands he that will make it good on thy foure Letters bodie, that thou art a filthy vaine foole. Thy booke I commend; as very well printed: and like wondrous well, because all men dislike it.

I agree with thee that there are in it *some matters of Note*, for there are a great many barefoote rimes in it that goe as iumpe as a Fiddle with euery ballet-makers note: and if according to their manner you had tun'd them ouer the head it had beene nere the worse, for by that meanes you might haue had your name chaunted in euery corner of the streete, then the which there can be nothing more *melodiouslie adoultce* to your *desuine Entelechy*. O they would haue trowld off brauely to the tune of *O man in Desperation*, and like *Marenzos* Madrigals, the mournfull note naturally haue affected the miserable Dittie.

Doe you knowe your owne misbegotten bodgery  
*Entelechy*



# Foure Letters

*Entelechy and addance . V Vith these two Hermo-  
phrodite phrases, being halfe Latin and halfe English,  
hast thou puld out the very guts of the inkehorne.*

*Letters.*

*To all curteous mindes that will vouchsafe the rea-  
ding.*

*Comment.*

*In their absence this be deliuered to Megge Curtis  
in Shorditch to stop mustard pots with.*

*The particular Contents.*

*L. A Preface to courteous mindes.*

*C. As much to say, as Preface, much good do it you  
would it were better for you.*

*L. A Letter to M. Emanuel Demetrius, with a son-  
net thereto annexed.*

*C. That is, as it were a purgation vpon a vomit, bus-  
kins vpon pantophles.*

*L. A Letter to M. Bird.*

*C. Or little matter wrapt vp in many words.*

*L. A Letter to enerie fauorable and indifferent Rea-  
der.*

*C. Id est, An exhortation to all Readers, that they  
shall reade nothing but his works.*

*L. Another letter to the same extorted after the rest.*

*C. By interpretation, a Letter whereof his inuention  
had a hard stoole, and yet it was for his ease, though  
not for his honestie: and so forth, as the Text shall di-  
rect you at large.*

*Heere*



## Confuted.



### Heere beginneth the first Epistle

and first Booke of Orator Gabriell to the Cati-  
linaries or Philippicks.

*Wherein is diuulged, that venum is venum and will in-  
fect, that that which is done, cannot (de facto) be  
vndone, that fauour is a curteous Reader,  
and G.H. your thankfull debter.*

#### A Comment vpon the Text.



He learned Orator in this Epistle *taketh  
precise order* he will not be too eloquent  
and yet it shall be (L.) *as well for ending  
vnworthie to be published, as for publishing  
vnworthie to be endited.*

C. He had many aduersaries in those times that he  
wrote, amongst the which Cloth-breeches and Vel-  
uet-breeches (his fathers pouerty, and his owne pride  
were none of the meanest.)

After them start vp one *Pierce Penniless*, and hee  
likewise was a stumbling blocke in his way. (Penurie  
not long tarries after pride; pray all the ropes in *Saf-  
ron Walden* that I do not prophesie,) Amen, Amen,  
quoth M. Bird and M. Demetrius.

Hee forbears to speake much in this place of the  
one or the other, *because his letters are more foruward  
to accuse them than their owne books to condemne them;*  
yet for a touch by the way, hee talks that Greene is no

C.

liucrey



## Foure Letters

liuerey for this winter, it is pitifully blasted and faded in  
*serie meade* by the strong breath of his barbarisme.

Hee hath a twitch at *Pierce Pennilesse* too, at the  
parting stile, and tearms him *the Devils Orator by pro-  
fession, and his Dames Poet by practise*: wherein mee  
thinks (the surreuerence of his works not impaired) he  
hath verie highly ouershotte himselfe: for no more is  
*Pierce Pennilesse* to be cald the Devils Orator for ma-  
king a Supplication to the Deuill, than hee isto bee  
helde for a Rhethoritian, for setting foorth *Gabrielis  
Scurnei Rhetor*, wherein hee thought to haue knockt  
out the braines of poore *Tullies Orator*, but in veri-  
tie did nothing else but gather a flaunting vnsauory  
fore-horse nosegay out of his well furnished gar-  
land.

The aduancemēt of the Devils Oratorship, which  
he ascribeth to *Pierce Pennilesse*, me thinks had beene  
a fit place for his Doctorship, when hee mist the Ora-  
torship of the Vniuersitie, of which in the sequele of  
his booke he most slanderously complaineth. Doctor  
*Perne, Greene*, no dead man he spareth.

What he should *subaudi* by his *Dames Poet*, I scarce  
apprehend, except this, that *Pierce* his Father was  
*Dame Lawf. Poet*, and writte many goodly stories of  
her in *An Almond for Parrat*.

Those that will take a Lecture in our Orators let-  
ters, must not read, excuse, commend, credite or beleene  
anie approoued truth in *Pierce Pennilesse*, especially if  
it be any thing that vpbraideth the great Baboune  
brother.

Hee will stoppe the beginning, *id est*, when hee hath  
come behind a man and broke his head, seeke to bind  
him to the good abearing, or els the ende were like to  
*prone pernisio us and perillous* to his confusion.

Some-



## Confuted.

Somewhat hee mutters of *defamation and iust commendation*, & what a hell it is for him that hath built his heauen in vaine-glory, to bee puld by the fleecue, and bidde *Respice funem*, looke backe to his Fathers house; but I ouerflippe it as friuolous, because all the world knowes him better than he knowes himselfe, & though he play the Pharise neuer so in iustifying his owne innocence, theres none will belecue him.

Let this bee spoken once for all, as I haue a soule to saue, till this day in all my life with tonguenor penne did I euer in the least worde or tittle derogate from the Doctor. If his brother (without any former pro- uocation on my part God is my witnesse) rayld on me grossely, expressly namde mee, compard me to *Martin*, indeuord to take from mee all estimation of Arte or witte, haue I not cause to bestirre mee?

*Gabriell*, I will bestirre mee for all like an Alehouse Knight thou crau'st of *Iustice to do thee reason*; as for *impudencie and calumny*, I returne them in thy face, that in one booke of tenne sheets of paper, hast published about two hundred lies.

Had they been wittie lies, or merry lies, they would neuer haue greend mee: but palpable lies, damned lies, lies as big as one of the Guardeschynes of beefe, who can abide?

Ile make thee of my counsaile, because I loue thee (not:) when I was in Cambridge and but a childe, I was indifferently perswaded of thee: mee thought by thy apparell and thy gate thou shouldst haue beene a fine fellow: Little did I suspect that thou wert brother to *Io. Paan* (whom inwardly I alwaies grudgd at for writing against *Aristotle*) or any of the Hs of Hempe hall, but a Cavalier of a clean contrary house, now thou hast quite spoild thy selfe, from the foote to



## Foure Letters

the head I can tell how thou art fashioned.

*Teterrime frater*, and not *fraterrime frater*, maist thou verie wofully exclaime, for in helping him thou hast crackt thy credit through the ring, made thy infamie currant as farre as the *Queenes* coyne goes.

But it may be thou hast a silder cloke for this quarrell, thou wilt obiekt thy Father was abused, & that made thee write. What by mee, or *Greene*, or both?

If by *Greene* and not mee, thou shouldst haue written against *Greene* and not mee. If by both, I will answer for both, but not by both, therefore I will answer but for one.

Giue an instance if thou canst for thy life, wherein in any leafe of *Pierce Penilesse* I had so much as halfe a sillables relation to thee, or offred one iot of indignitie to thy Father, more than naming the greatest dignitie he hath, when for varietie of Epithites I calde thy brother *the sonne of a Ropemaker*.

We shall haue a good sonne of you anone, if you be ashamed of your fathers occupation: ah thou wilt nere thrive, that art beholding to a trade, and canst not abide to heare of it.

Thou dost liue by the gallows, & wouldst not haue a shooe to put on thy foot if thy father had no traffike with the hangman. Had I a Ropemaker to my father, & some body had cast it in my teeth, I would forthwith haue writ in praise of Ropemakers, & prou'd it by sound sillogistrie to be one of the 7. liberal sciences.

Somewhat I am priuie to the cause of *Greenes* inueighing against the three brothers. Thy hot-spirited brother *Richard* (a notable ruffian with his pen) hauing first tooke vpon him in his blundring Persual to play the lacke of both sides twixt *Martin* and vs, and snarld priuily at *Pap-batcher*, *Pasquill*, & others, that opposd



## Confuted.

opposde themselves against the open slander of that mightie platformer of Atheisme, presently after dribbed forth another fooles bolt, a booke I shoulde say, which he christened *The Lambe of God*.

That booke was a learned booke, a labourd booke; for three yere before he put it in print, he had preacht it all without booke.

I my selfe haue some of it in a booke of Setmons that my Tutor at Cambridge made mee gather euery Sunday. Then being very yoong, I counted it the abiectest and frothiest forme of Diuinitie that came in that place. Now more confirmed in age and Art, I confirme my ill opinion of it.

Neither do I vrge this as if it were a hainous thing for a man to put sermons in print after hee preacht them, but obserue the proud humor of the pert Didimus, that thinks nothing hee speakes but deserues to be put in print, and speakes not that sentence in the Pulpit, which before he rough-hewes not ouer with his penne. Besides, I taxe him for turning an olde coate (like a Broker) and selling it for a new.

These and a thousand more imperfections might haue beene buried with his bookes in the bottome of a drie-fatte, and there slept quietly amongst the shauings of the Presse, if in his Epistle he had not beene so arrogantly censoriall.

Not mee alone did hee reuile and dare to the combat, but g'ickt at *Pap-hatchet* once more, and mistermied all our other Poets and writers about London, piperly make-plaies and make-bates.

Hence *Greene*, beeing chiefe agent for the companie (for hee writ more than foure other, how well I will not say: but *Sat citò, si sat benè*) tooke occasion to canuaze him a little in his Cloth-breeches



## Foure Letters

and Veluet breeches, and because by some probable collections hee gest the elder brothers hand was in it, he coupled them both in one yoke, and to fulfill the prouerbe *Tria sunt omnia* thrust in the third brother who made a perfect parriall of Pamphleters.

About some seauen or eight lines it was which hath pluckt on an inuective of so many leaues. Had hee liu'd *Gabriel*, and thou shouldst so vnartificially and odiously libeld against him as thou hast done, he would haue made thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come, and driuen thee to eate thy owne booke butterd, as I sawe him make an Apparriter once in a Tauern eate his Citation waxe and all, very handsomly seru'd twixt two dishes.

Out vppon thee for an arrant dog-killer, strike a man when he is dead,

*So Hares may pull dead Lions by the beards.*

*Memorandum*, I borrowed this sentence out of a Play. The Theater Poets hall, hath many more such prouerbes to persecute thee with, because thou hast so scornefully derided their profession, and despitefully maligned honest sports.

Before I vnbowell the leane Carcase of thy booke any further, Ile drinke one cup of lambswool, so the *Lambe of God and his enemies.*

In the first foure leaues of it I haue singled out these Godly and fruitfull obseruations.

*Noble Lord I doe it euen vpon former premisses, not for any future consequents.*

*My booke is not worthy of so honorable specialitie as your Patronage.*

*I will not prosecute it with Theologicall peculiaris, but from the mouth of the sword I speake, &c.*

*The hearts of the wicked pant, their spirits faile them, they*



## Confuted.

they may well call for butter out of a Lordlie dish.

You that bee gentle Readers doe you not laugh at this Lawiers english of former premisses and future consequents.

O finicallitie your Patronages speciallitie, but if he prosecute it with Theologicall peculiars, we must needs thrust him inter ones & bones, & reliqua pecora campi.

From the mouth of the sword I speake it, that butter out of a Lordly dish is but lewd diet for the Pulpit.

But this is not halfe the lirtour of inckehornisme, that those foure pages haue pigd. I must tell you of the *Odonarium* of Ramus, the *Sesquiamus* of Phrignus, the *Carthusianisme* of Gulielmus Rikel, of *Annals Diaries*, *Chronologies* & *Tropologicall* schoolemen, The *Abetilis* of the *Ethiopians* or *Pretoioannans*, of *Gulielmus minatensis*, & *S. Ierome* allegorized & *Abdias*, *Lyra*, *Gryson*, *Porta*, *Pantaleon*.

All which hee reckons vp to make the world beleeue he hath read much but alleadgeth nothing out of them: Nor I thinke on my conscience euer read or knew what they meane, but as he hath stole them by the whole sale out of some Booksellers Catalogue, or a table of Tractats.

Here are some of his profounde Annotations, *Iacob* tooke *Leah* for his bedfellowe in the darke by night in steede of *Rachell*, whereby I learne to buy my wife candle to goe to bed withall, and admit her not by darke but by light.

*Iacob* was deceiued by *Labans* words: ergo, Obligations are better than bills, and we must beliene no man except he will waxe and multiplie in words, and call inke & parchment to witnes.

*Iacob* laide pilled rods with white strakes in the watering places of the sheepe, whereby I note that in carnal mixture



## Foure Letters

*mixture the senses are opened.*

Iudge you that be the Fathers of the Church whether this be fit matter to edifie or no.

It was not for nothing brother Richard that *Greene* told you you kist your Parishioners wiues with holy kisses, for you that wil talk of *opening the senses by carnal mixture* (the very act of lecherie) in a Theological Treatise, and in the Pulpit, I am afraide in a priuater place you will practise as much as you speake. *Hominēs rarō nisi malē locuti malē faciunt. Olet hircum, olet hircum*, anie modest eare would abhorre to heare it.

Farewell vncleane Vicar, and God make thee an honest man, for thou art too bawdy for mee to deale withall.

It followes in the Text.

*To my verie good friend Maister Emanuell Demetrius.*

This Letter of *M. Bird* to *M. Demetrius*, shoulde seeme by all reference or collation of stiles, to bee a Letter which *M. Birds* secretarie *Doctour Gabriell* indited for him in his owne praise, and got him to sette hand to when he had done. Or rather it is no letter, but a certificate (such as Rogues haue) from the head men of the Parish where hee was borne, *that Gabriel is an excellent generall Scholler, and his Father of good behaniour.*

We will not belecue it except wee see the Towne seale sette to it: but say wee should belecue it, what doth it make for thee? Haue the Towheshmen of *Saffron Waldon* euer heard thee preach, that they should commend thee for an excellent generall scholler? or (because thou professest thy self a Ciuilian) hast thou solicited any of their causes in the bawdy Courtes therabouts. If not, go your wayes a dolt as you came,  
Maister



## Confuted.

*Maister Birdes* Letter shall not reprive you from the ladder.

But *Veluet-breeches* and *Cloth-breeches* (by the judgement of the best man of none of the least towns in *Essex*) is a fantastick and fond Dialogue, and one of the most licentious intollerable inuectives that ever hee read.

Why?

*In it is abused an ancient neighbour of his.*

How is he abused?

In stead of his name, hee is called by the craft hee gets his living with.

*He hath borne office in VValden above twenty yere since (hoc est had the keeping of the Towne stocke, alias the stocks) Ergo he is no Rope-maker.*

*He hath maintaine foure sonnes at Cambridge: Ergo Greene is a lewd fellow to say he gets his living backward.*

*Three of his sonnes universally ridiculouslie reputed of (for inamoratos on their owne works) in both Universities and the whole Realme. The fourth is shrunke in the writing, or else the Print shoulde haue heard of him.*

*One of the three (whom the Quip entitles the Physition) returning sicke from Norwitch to Linne in Iulie last, was past writing any more Almanackes, before Greene ere imagined God had thought so well of him to take him to him.*

*Linor post quiescat.* Mother Liuers of Newington is a better fortune-teller than he was a Physition.



## Foure Letters

### A Dash through the dudgen

Sonnet against *Greene*.

*Put up thy smiter O gentle Peter,  
Author and halter make but ill meeter.  
I come to answer thy mishapen rime,  
Blocks haue cald schollers bayards ere this time.*

I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged Verses, but that if I should retort his rime dog-rell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobling like a Brewers Cart vpon the stones, and obserue no length in their feete, which were *absurdum per absurdum*, to infect my vaine with his imitation.

The Analasis of the whole is this: an olde mechanical meeter-munger would faine raile if he had anie witte. If *Greene* were *dogge-sicke* and *brain-sicke*, sure he (poore secular Satirist) is dolt-sicke and brainlesse that with the toothlesse gums of his Poetry so betuggeth a dead man.

But I cannot be induced to beleue a graue man of his sort should be ere so *rauingly* bent: when all comes to all, *shortest vowels* and *longest mutes* will bewray it to bee a webbe of your owne loomes *M. Gabriel*: you *mute* foorth many such phrases in the course of your booke, which I will point at as I passe by.

I will not robbe you of your due commendation in any thing: in this Sonnet you haue counterfeited the stile of the olde Vice in the Morrals, as right vp and downe as may be.

*Let Greene the Connycatcher of this dreame the author,  
For his daintie deuise deserueth the haunter.*

*Vice.*



## Confuted.

*Vice.* Hey nan a non fir, soft let mee make water,  
VVhip it to go, Ile kisse my maisters daughter.  
Tum diddy, tum da, falangtedo diddle,  
Solla me fa sol, conatus in fiddle.

I am afraide your *Doctors fart* will fall out to be a  
fatall foyst to your breeches, if we followe you at the  
hard heeles as we haue begun.

Thou shalt not breath a whit, trip and goe, turne o-  
uer a new lease.

*Maister Bird in the absence of M. Demetrius.*  
Perge porro. I found his wife curteous, barlady fir but  
that is suspitious.

A woman is well holpen vp that does you any cur-  
tesie in the absence of her husband, when you cannot  
keepe it to your selfe, but you must blab it in print.

If it were any other but *Mistris Demetrius* (whome  
I haue heard to be a modest sober woman, and indued  
with many vertues) I would play vpon it a litle more.  
In regard that shee is so, I forbear; and craue pardon  
in that I haue spoken so much.

Yet would I haue her vnderstand, how well *the ge-  
nerall scholler* her guest hath rewarded hir for his kind  
entertainment, by bringing her name in question in  
print.

*M. Bird and Demetrius,* I knowe neither of you by  
sight, but this Ile say, being of that welth you are, you  
had better haue spent a great deale of money, than  
come in the mouth of this base companion.

VVhat reason haue I (seeing your names subscri-  
bed as his bolsterer, in a matter of defanie that con-  
cernes mee) but to go through stitch with you as well  
as him.

He thinks to ouer-bear vs as poore beggers with  
the



## Foure Letters

the great ostentation of your rich acquaintance.

Lette all Noblemen take heede how they giue this *Thrase* the least becke or countenance, for if they bestowe but halfe a glaunce on him, hee straight put it verie solemnly in print, and make it ten times more than it is.

He tell you a merry ieast.

The time was when this *Timothie Tiptoes* made a Latine Oration to her Maiestie. Her Highnes as shee is vnto all her subiects most gracious: so to schollers she is more louing and affable than any Prince vnder heauen. In which respect, of her owne vertue and not his desert, it pleased hir so to humble the height of hir iudgement, as to grace him a little whiles he was pronouncing, by these or such like tearmes. *Tis a good pretie fellow, a lookes like an Italian*, and after hee had concluded, to call him to kisse her royall hand. Herevpon hee goes home to his studie all intraunced, and writes a whole volume of Verses; first *De vul- tu Itali*, of the countenance of the Italian; and then *De osculo manus*, of his kissing the Queenes hande. VVhich two Latin Poems he publisht in a booke of his cald *Ædes Valdineses*, proclaiming thereby (as it were to England, Fraunce, Italic and Spaine, what fauour hee was in with her Maiestie.

I dismisse this *Parentthesis*, and come to his next bus-  
sinesse, which indeede is his first businesse: for tyll *Greene* awakte him out of his selfe admiring contem-  
plation, hee had nothing to doe, but walke vnder the  
Ewe tree at Trinitie hall, and say:

What may I call this tree, an Ewe tree O bonny Ewe tree,  
Needes to thy boughs will bow this knee, and vaile my bonneto.



## Confuted.

Or make verses of weathercocks on the top of stee-  
ples, as he did once of the weathercocke of Alhallows  
in Cambridge:

O thou weathercocke that stands on the top of the Church of Alhallows,  
Comethy waies down it thou darst for thy crowne and take the wall on vs.

O Heathenish and Pagan Hexameters, come thy  
waies down fro thy *Doctourship*, & learne thy Primer  
of Poetry ouer again, for certainly thy pen is in state  
of a Reprobate with all men of iudgement and rec-  
koning.

Comethy waies downe from thy *Doctourship* said  
I? *Errant demens* thou neuer wentst vp to it yet.

Fie on hypocrisie and Dissimulation, that men  
should make themselves better than they are.

Alas a Gods will thou art but a plaine motheaten  
Maister of Art, and neuer pollutedst thy selfe with a-  
ny plaister of *Doctourship*.

List Pauls Churchyard (the peruser of euerie mans  
works & Exchange of all Authors) you are a many  
of you honest fellows, and fauour men of wit.

So it is that a good Gowne and a well pruned paire  
of moustachios, hauing studied sixteene yeare to  
make thirteene ill english Hexameters, came to the  
Vniuersity Court *regentium & non* to sue for a com-  
mission to carry two faces in a hooide, they not vsing  
to deny honour to any man that deserued it, bad him  
performe all the Schollerlike ceremonies and dispu-  
tatione right appertaining thereto, and he should bee  
installed.

*Noli me tangere*, he likt none of that.

A stripling that hath an indifferent pretty stocke, of  
reputation abroade in the worlde already, and some  
credit amongst his neighbours as he thinketh, would



## Foure Letters

be loth to leoperd all at one throwe at the dice.

If hee should haue disputed for his degree, discent-  
*ded in arenam & puluerem Philosophicum*, and haue  
beene foild, *Ash me quoth V V* it in lamentable sort,  
what should haue become of him, hee might haue  
beene shot through ere hee were aware with a Sillo-  
gisme.

No point, *Ergo*, it were wisely done of Goodman  
*Boores* sonne if he should goe to the warres for honor  
and retorne with a wodden legge, when he may buy a  
Captaineship at home better cheape.

*Pumps and Pantofles* because they were well blackt  
and glistered iolly freshly on it, being rubd ouer with  
inke, had their grace at length to be Doctour *Ea lege*,  
that they should do their acts (that is, performe more  
than they were able)

Curst be the time that euer there were any obliga-  
tions made with conditions, *Unde habeas querit nemo  
sed oportet habere*, Howe *Dorbell* comes to bee Do-  
ctour none asks, but Doctour hee must bee to make  
him right worshipfull.

Acts are but idle wordes, and the Scripture saith,  
wee must giue account for euery idle word.

*Pumps and Pantofles* sweare they will iet away  
with a cleare conscience at the daie of iudgement, and  
therefore do no Acts, giue no offence with idle words,  
onelie like a Hauke let flie at a Partridge, that turnes  
the taile and betakes her to a walnut-tree, so to Ox-  
ford they trudge hauing their grace *ad disputandum*,  
and there are confirmed in the same degree they took  
at Cambridge: which is as if a Prentise heere in  
London, as soone as hee is enrould, should runne to  
some such Towne as Ipswich, and there craue to haue  
his Freedome confirmed as of London, which in truth



## Confuted.

is no Freedome because hee hath not seru'd out his prentiship.

Trust mee not for a dodkin, if there be not all the Doctourship hee hath, yet will the insolent inke-horne worne write himselfe Right worshipfull of the Lawes, and personate this man and that man, calling him *my good friend Maister Doctour* at euery word.

Doctour or no Doctour Greene *surfeted not of Pickled hearing but of an exceeding feare* of his Familiar Epistles.

Hee offered in his extreamest want *twentie shillings to the Printer to leaue out the matter of the three brothers.*

*Hand facile credo*, I am sure the Printer beeing of that honestie that I take him for, will not affirme it.

Marry this I must say, there was a learned Doctour of Phisicke (to whom Greene in his sicknesse sent for counsaile) that hauing read ouer the booke of Veluet breeches and Clothbreeches, and laughing merrilie at the three brothers legend, wild Green in any case either to mittigate it or leaue it out: Not for any extraordinarie account hee made of the fraternitie of fooles, but for one of them was proceeded in the same facultie of Phisicke hee profest, and willing hee would haue none of that excellent calling ill spoken off.

This was the cause of the altring of it, the feare of his Phisitions displeasure, not any feare else.

I keepe your *consciou minde* with all other odde ends of your halfe fac'd english till the full conclusion of my booke, where in an honorable *Index* they shall be placed according to their degree and segnioritie.

VVee



## Foure Letters

We are to vex you mightely for plucking *Elderton* out of the ashes of his Ale, and not letting him inioy his nappie muse of ballad making to himselfe, but now when he is as dead as dead beere, you must bee finding fault with the brewing of his meeters.

Hough *Thomas Delone, Phillip Stubbs, Robert Armin, &c.* Your father *Elderton* is abus'd. Reuenge, reuenge on course paper and want of matter, that hath most sacriligiouly contaminated the diuine spirit & quintessence of a penny a quart.

Helter skelter, feare no colours, course him, trounce him, one cup of perfect bonaventure licour will inspire you with more wit and Schollership than hee hath thrust into his whole packet of Letters.

You that bee lookers on perhaps imagine I talke like a merry man, and not in good earnest when I say that *Eldertons* ghost and *Gabriel* are at such ods: but then you knowe nothing, for there hath beene monstrous emulation twixt *Elderton* and him time out of mind. Yea, they were riuals in riming foure yeare before the great frost. Hee expressely writ against him, 1580. *In his short but sharpe and learned iudgement of Earthquakes.*

Broome boyes, and corne cutters, (or whatsoever trade is more contemptible) come not in his way, stand fortie foote from the execution place of his furie, for else in the full tide of his standish he will carrie your occupations hand smooth out of towne before him, beismeare them, drowne them, downe the riuer they goe *Prinily* to the Ile of Dogges with his Pamphlets.

O it is a pestilent libeller against beggers, hee meanes shortly to set forth a booke cald his Paraphrase vpon Paris Garden, wherein hee will so tamper

per



## Confuted.

per with the interpreter of the Puppits, and betwixt Harry of Tame and great Ned, that Titius shall not upbraid Caius with enerie thing and nothing, nor Zoylus ante more flurt Homer, nor Therfites fling at Agamemnon.

Holla, holla, holla, *flurt, fling*, what reasty Rhetoricke haue we here? certes, certes brother *hoady doddy*, your penne is a coult by cockes body.

As touching the libertie of Orators and Poets, I will conferre with thee somewhat grauely, although thou beest a goose-cappe and hast no iudgement.

A libertie they haue thou sayst, *but no liberty without bounds, no licence without limitation.*

Iesu what mister wonders dost thou tell vs? euery thing hath an end, and a pudding hath two.

*That libertie Poets of late in their inuectiues haue exceeded*, they haue borne their sword vp, where it is not lawfull for a poynado that is but the page of pro- wesse to intermeddle.

Thou bringst in *Mother Hubbard* for an instance. Go no further, but here confesse thy selfe a flat nodg- scombe before all this congregation; for thou hast dealt by thy friend as homely as thou didst by thy father.

Who publikely accusde or of late brought *Mother Hubbard* into question, that thou shouldst by rehear- sall rekindle against him the sparkes of displeasure that were quenched?

Forgot hee the *pure sanguine of his Fairy Queene* sayst thou?

A *pure sanguine* sot art thou, that in vaine-glory to haue *Spencer* known for thy friend, and that thou hast some interest in him, censereest him worse than his deadliest enemy would do.



## ·Foure Letters

If any man were vnderferuedly toucht in it, thou hast reuiued his disgrace that was so toucht in it, by renaming it, when it was worn out of al mens mouths and minds.

Besides, whereas before I thought it a made matter of some malicious moralizers against him, and no substance of flander in truth, now when thou (that proclaimest thy selfe the only familiar of his bosome, and therefore shouldst know his secretes) giues it out in print that he ouershotte himselfe therein; it cannot chuse but be suspected to be so indeed.

Immortall *Spencer*, no frailtie hath thy fame, but the imputation of this Idiots friendship: vpon an vnspotted *Pegasus* should thy gorgeous attired *Fayrie Queene* ride triumphant through all reports dominions, but that this mud-born bubble, this bile on the browe of the Vniuersitie, this bladder of pride newe blowne, challengeth some interest in her prosperitie.

Of pitch who hath any vse at all, shall be abused by it in the end.

High grasse that flourisheth for a season on the house toppe, fadeth before the haruest calls for it, and maye well make a fayre shewe, but hath no sweetnesse in it. Such is this Ass in present, this grosse painted image of pride, who would faine counterfeite a good witte, but scornfull pittie his best patron, knows it becomes him as ill, as an vnweldy Elephant to imitate a whelpe in his wantonnes.

I wrote not how it fals out, but his inuention is ouerweapond; he hath some good words, but he cannot writhe them and tesse them to and fro nimbly, or so bring them about, that hee maye make one streight thrust at his enemies face.

Coldly and dully *idem per idem* who cannot indite?  
but



## Confuted.

but with life and spirit to limne deadnes it selfe, *Hoc est Oratoris proprium.*

*L. Inuectiues by fauour haue beene too bolde, and Satires by vsurpation too presumptuous.* What pleasure brings this to the reader? Lacke of the Falcon in Cambridge can say as much and giue no reason for it.

But I can prompt you with a demonstration wherein Inuectiues haue been too bold. Do you remember what you writ in your Item for Earthquakes, of double fac'd Iani, changeable Cameleons, Aspen leaues, painted sheathes, and sepulchers, Asses in Lions skinner, dung-bill cockes, slipperie eeles, dormise, &c. Besides your testimoniall of Doctour Perne, wherein it pleased you of your singular liberalitie and bountie to bestowe vpon this beautifull *Encomium*: *A busie and dizzie head, a brazen fore head, a leaden braine, a wodden wittie, a copper face, a stonie brest, a factious and cluish heart, a founder of nouelties, a confounder of his owne and his friends good giftes, a morning booke-worme, an after-noon malt-worme, a right Iugler, as full of his sleighes, wiles fetches, casts of leger demaine, toyes to mocke Apes wiehall, odde shifts and knauish practises as his skinner can holde.*

Notwithstanding all this, you desie cut and longtaile, that can accuse you of any scandalous part either in word or deede.

*Tully, Horace, Archilochus, Aristophanes, Lucian, Iulian, Aretine,* goe for no paiment with you, their declamatory stiles brought to the grand test of your iudgement, are found counterfeit, they are a venemous and viperous brood of frailers, because they haue broght in a new kind of a quicke fight, which your decrepite slow-mouing capacitie cannot fadge with.

Tush, tush, you take the graue peake vppon you.



## Foure Letters

too much, who would think you could so easily shake off your olde friendes? Did not you in the fortie one Page line 2. of your Epistles to *Collin Clout* vse this speech?

*Extra iocum, I like your Dreames passing well: and the rather because they sanor of that singular extraordinary vaine and inuention which I euer fancied most, and in a manner admired onely in Lucian, Petrarch, Arretine, Pasquil.*

*Dic sodes* (godamercie on *Dicke Sothis* soule, for he was a better dauncer than thou art an enditer, & with his legges he made some Musicke, there is none in thy letters) answer mee briefly I say to the point, haue I varied one vowell from thy originall text in this allegation. If not, I cannot see how the Doctours may well bee reconcild, one while to commend a man because his writings sanour of that singular extraordinarie vaine, which he onely admired in Lucian, Petrarch, Arretine, Pasquil: and then in another booke afterward to come and call those singular extraordinarie admired men, a venemous and viperous brood of frailers.

The auncienter sort of Poets and Oratours shall plead their owne worthinesse.

*Tullie* neuer ouerreached himself in railing so much as in flatterie. His *Phillippicks* (sound Physick applide to a body that could not digest it) are the things that especially commended him to this art-thriving age of ours, and had not these beene, hee would certainly haue beene sentenced by a generall verdict of histories, for a timorous time-pleaser.

V Who cannot draw a curtaine before a deformed picture. *Plautus* personated no Parasite, but he made him a slaue or a bondman.

Fawning and crutching are the naturall gestures of



## Confuted.

of feare, and if it bee a vertue for a vassaille to licke a mans shooes with his tongue, sure it is but borrowed from the dogges, and so is biting too, if it bee accompanied with ouer lowd barking, or in such wise as it cannot pinch but it must breake the flesh and drawe bloud.

*Horace, Perseus, Iuuenall*, my poore iudgment lendeth you plentiful allowance of applause: yet had you with the *Pbrigian* melodie, that stirreth men vp to battaile and furie, mixt the *Dorian* tune, that fauoreth mirth and pleasure, your vsugred p'les (howeuer excellently medicinable) would not haue beene so harsh in the swallowing. So likewise *Archilochus*, thou like the preachers to the Curtizans in Roome, that expound to them all Lawe and no Gospell, art all gall and no spleene. Hence came it to passe, that with the meere efficacy of thy incensed *Iambicks* thou madst a man runne and hang himselfe that had angered thee.

Thee I embrace *Aristophanes*, not so much for thy Comœdie of the clowd which thou wrotest against philosophers, as for in al other thy inuentions thou interfuselt delight with reprehension.

*Lucian, Iulian, Aretine*, all three admirably blest in the abundant giftes of art and nature: yet Religion which you sought to ruinate, hath ruinated your good names, and the opposing of your eyes against the bright sunne, hath causd the worlde condemne your sight in all other thinges. I protest were you ought else but abhominable Atheistes, I wou'd obstinately defende you, onely because *Laureate Gabriell* articles against you.

This I will iustifie against any *Dromidote Ergonist* whatsoeuer, there is no other vnlaſciuious vse or end



## Foure Letters

of poetry, but to infamize vice, and magnifie vertue, and that if they assemble all the examples of verse-founders from *Homer* to *Hugh Copland*, they shall not find anie of them but hath encountered with the generall abuses of his times.

Whatsoeuer harpeth not of one these two strings of praise and reproofe, is as it were a *Dirige* in pricklong without any dittie set to it, that haply may tickle the eare, but neuer edifies.

In the Romaine common-wealths it was lawful for Poets to reprove that enormitie in the highest chairs of authoritie, which none else durst touch, alwaies the sacred Maiestie of their *Augustus* kept inuiolate: for that was a Plannet exalted aboue their Hexameter horizon, & it was capitall to them in the highest degree to dispute of his setting and rising, or search inquisitiuely into his predominance and influence.

The secrets of God must not be searcht into. Kings are Gods on earth, their actions must not be founded by their subiects.

*Seneca Neroes* Tutor, founde his death in no verse but *Oetania*. Imperious *Lucan* sprinkled but one drop of bloud on his imperiall chayre, and perisht by him also.

*Ouid* once saw *Augustus* in a place where he would not haue beene seene, he was exile presently to those countries no happy man hears of.

Long might hee in a blinde Metamorphosis haue playd vppon all the wenches in Roome, and registred their priuie escapes, vpbrayded in hospitalitie with the fable of *Licaon*: alluded to some Ambodexter Lawyer vnder the storie of *Battus*: haue described a noted vnthrif, whose substaunce hawkes and houndes haue deuoured, in the tale of *Acteon*, that was eaten



## Confuted.

vp by his owne dogges: mockt Alcumistes with *Midas*: picturde inamaratos vnder *Narcissas*: and shrouded a picked effeminate Carpet Knight vnder the fictionate person of *Hermophroditus*; with a thousand more such vnexileable ouer-thwart merrimentes, if lust had not led him beyond the prospect of his birth, or hee seene a meaner man sinning than an Emperour.

*Sancta Maria ora pro nobis*, how hath my pen lost it selfe in a croude of Poets.

Gaffer *Iobbernoule*, once more well ouer-taken, how dost thou, how dost thou? holde vp thy heade man, take no care, though *Greene* be dead, yet I may lue to doe thee good.

But by the meanes of his death thou art deprived of the remedie in lawe, which thou intendedst to haue had against him for calling thy Father *Ropemaker*. Mas thats true, what Action will it beare? *Nihil pro nihilo*, none in law, what it will doe vpon the stage I cannot tell; for there a man maye make action besides his part, when he hath nothing at all to say: and if there, it is but a clownish action that it will beare: for what can bee made of a *Ropemaker* more than a Clowne. *Will Kempe*, I mistrust it will fall to thy lot for a merriment one of these dayes.

In short tearmes thus I demur vpon thy long Kentish-tayld declaration against *Greene*.

Hee inherited more vertues than vices, a iolly long red peake like the spire of a steeple hee cherisht continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a Jewell, it was so sharpe and pendant.

V Why should art answer for the infirmities of manners? Hee had his faultes, and thou thy follyes.

Debt and deadly sinne who is not subiect to?

V With



## Foure Letters

with any notorious crime I neuer knew him tainted;  
(& yet tainting is no infamous surgerie for him that,  
hath beene in so many hote skirmishes).

A good fellowe hee was, and would haue drunke  
with thee for more *angels* then the Lord thou libeldst  
on, *gaue thee in Christ's Colledge*, and in one yeare hee  
pist as much against the walls, as thou and thy two  
brothers spent in three.

In a night & a day would he haue yarkt vp a Pam-  
phlet as well as in seauen yeare, and glad was that  
Printer that might bee so blest to pay him deare for  
the very dregs of his wit.

Hee made no account of winning credite by his  
workes, as thou dost, that dost no good workes, but  
thinkes to bee famosed by a strong faith of thy owne  
worthines, his only care was to haue a spelin his purse  
to coniuere vp a good cuppe of wine with at all times.

For the low sic circumstance of his pouerty before  
his death, and sending that miserable writte to his  
wife, it cannot be but thou yest learned *Gabriell*.

I and one of my fellowes *Will. Monox* (Hast thou  
neuer heard of him and his great dagger?) were in  
company with him a month before he died, at that  
fatall banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled hearing,  
(if thou wilt needs haue it so) and then the inuento-  
rie of his apparrell came to more than three shillings  
(though thou saist the contrarie.) I know a Broker in  
a spruce leather ierkin with a great number of golde  
Rings on his fingers, and a bunch of keies at his gir-  
dle, shall giue you thirty shillings for the doublet a-  
lone, if you can helpe him to it. Harke in your care,  
hee had a very faire Cloake with sleeues, of a graue  
goose turd greene, it would serue you as fine as may  
bee: No more words if you bee wise play the good  
husband



## Confuted.

husband and listen after it, you may buy it ten shillings better cheape than it cost him. By S. Siluer it is good to bee circumspect in casting for the worlde, theres a great many ropes go to tenshillings. If you want a greasy paire of silk stockings also to shew your selfe in at the Court, they are there to be had too amongst his moucables. *Frustra fit per plura quod fieri potest per pauciora*: It is policie to take a rich penniworth whiles it is offred.

*Alas euen his fellow writer that proper yoong man,* almost scorns to cope with thee thou art such a crow troden Ass: dost thou *in some respectes wish him well and spare his name?* in some respectes so doth hee wish thee as well? (*hoc est*, to be as well knowne for a foole as my Lord Welles) and promiseth by me to talke very sparingly of thy praise. For thy name, hee will not stoupe to plucke it out of the mire, and put it in his mouth.

By this blessed cuppe of sacke which I now holde in my hand, and drinke to the health of all Christen foules in, thou art a puissant Epitapher.

Yea? thy Muses foot of the twelues; old long Meg of Westminster? Then I trowe thou wilt stride ouer *Greenes* graue and not stumble: If you doe, wee shall come to your taking vp.

Letter.

*Here lies the man whom Mistris Isam cround with bays,  
She she that ioyd to heare her Nightingales sweete lays.*

Comment.

Here Mistris *Isam* Gabriel floutes thy bays,  
Scratch out his eyes that printeth thy dispraise.

*She, she* will scratch, and like a scritchng night-owle come and make a dismal noise vnder thy cham-



## Four Letters

ber windowe for deriding her so dunstically. A bigge fat lusty wench it is, that hath an arme like an Amazon, and will bang thee abhominably if euer shee catch thee in her quarters. It is not your *Poet Garish*, and your *forehorse of the parish* that shall redeeme you from her fingers, but shee will *make actuall prooffe of you*, according as you desire of God in the vnder following lines.

The next weeke Maister *Bird* (if his inke-pot haue a cleare current) hee will haue at you with a cap-case full of French occurrences, that is, shapely you a messe of newes out of the second course of his conceit, as his brother is said out of the fabulous abundance of his braine to haue inuented the newes out of *Calabria*, (*Iohn Doletas* prophesie of flying dragons, comets, Earthquakes, and inundations.)

I am sure it is not yet worne out of mens scorn, for euery Miller made a comment of it, and not an oyster wife but mockt it.

When that fly-boat of Frenchery is once launcht, your trencher attendant *Gamaliel Hobgoblin* intends to tickle vp a Treatise of the barley kurnell which you set in your garden, out of which there sprung (as you auouched) twelue seuerall eares of corne at one time.

*Redoubted Parma* was neuer so matcht if hee kindle the match of his meeterdome, and let diue at him with a volley of verses. Let not his principallitie trust too much to it, because his name is Latin for a shield; for *Poet Hobbinoll* hauing a gallant wit and a brazen penne, will honourably bethinke him, and euen ambition-ly frame his stile to a noble emulation of *Liuius*, *Homer*, and the diuinest spirites of all ages, as hee hath done to the emulation of *Tullie* heerebefore, when hee

com-



## Confuted.

compiled a Pamphlet, called *Ciceranis Consolatio ad Dolobellam*, and publisht it as a newe part of *Tullie*, which had bin hidde in a VVall a thousand and odde yeares and was found out by him before it euer found beeing.

The circumstance was this; going downe the water at Cambridge one summer eueing, and asking certaine questions of the Eccho at Barnewell wall (as the manner is passing by) holding her verie narrowly to the poynt, she reuealed vnto him what a treasure shee had hidden amongst her stones; namely, this new part of *Gabrielis Ciceronis consolatio ad Dolobellam*: and though she was verie loath to disclose it, yet because shee knewe not how soone God might call her; *videlicet*, how sodainely shee might fall; to discharge her conscience before her death, shee would deliuer it vp as freely vnto him as euer it was hers, come and digge for it hee shoulde haue it. Neuer more glad was shee in her life, that since shee must needes surrender it to the light, she had chaunst vppon such a Cardinall Corrigidore of incongruitie, and *Tullies* nexte and immediate successour vnder *Carre*, to whose carefull repolishing she might commit it.

Keep it quoth she?

No, if it were a booke of golde it is *THINE*, reade it, new print it, dedicate it *from thy gallery at Trinitie Hall* to whom thou wilt.

VVhether hee vse a spade or a mattocke for the vnburying of it I know not, but extant it is, and of a hundred I haue heard that it is his.

O *Gabriell*, if thou hast any manhood in thy staret peake, looke vpon me and weepe not.

From this day forward shall a whole army of boies



## Foure Letters

come wondring about thee as thou goest in the street and cry *kulleloo, kulleloo, with whup hoo*, there goes the Ape of *Tully*: *uh he he, steale Tully, steale Tully*, away with the Ass in the Lions skinne.

Nay but in sadnesse, is it not a sinfull thing for a Scholler & a Christian to turne *Tully*? a Turke would neuer doe it.

Be counsaile in thy calamitie, write no more *Consolatio ad Dolabellam*, but *Consolatio ad Doctore Gabrielem*; thy selfe comfort thy selfe, and learn to make a vertue of contempt.

*Ad ruentem parietem ne inclina*, is a Prouerbe which would haue preuented all this, if thou couldst haue sufferd thy selfe to haue beene directed by it: for first and formost hadst not thou stept forth to vnder-prop the ruinous wall of thy brothers reputation, I had neuer medled with thee; if thou hadst not leand too much to an olde wall, when thou pluckst *Tullie* out of a wall, the damnation of this Iest had bin yet vnbegotten.

He that hath born saile in two tempests of shame, makes a sport of shippe-wracke of good name euer after.

The wall of the welfare of Fraunce that is started from her King, her true foundation, thy writings (more wretched than France) would faine cleave vnto if they cou'd tell how, and count it a felicity to haue the oportunitie of so heroicall an argument.

God helpe *Alexander* if hee haue no other Poet to emblazon his atchieuements but *Cherillus*.

High resolved Earle of *Essex* and vertuous Sir *Iohn Norris* Englands champions, enuied tranquillities confidence, vnworthy are your aduentures *Iliades* to bee reported by such a ragged reede, as the



## Confuted.

iarring Pipe of this *Batillus*. The Portuga's & Frenchmens feare will lend your Honors richer ornaments, than his low-flighted affection (fortunes summer to-lower) can frame them.

The scale that I set to your vertues be silence; the argument of prayse is vnauthorized in any mans mouth but o'le age.

V When the better parte of youtnes feruence is boyld away, and that the showres of many sorrowes haue seasond our greene heads with experience, with the wither-fac'd weather-beaten Mariner, that talks quaking and shudderingly of a storme that hee hath newly toyld through, our wordes will bee written in our visage

Euen as the sunne, so no science shines in his compleate glory till it be ready to decline.

These be the conclusions that gray hairs prune & cut downe the prosperitie of yong yeares with as fast as it aspires, but let the seare Oake looke himsele in the glasse of truth, and he shal find that *Methusalems* blessing is imbecillitie bestowed on any creature but the Foxe, who neuer is a right Foxe till he be ripe for the dunghill.

If my stile holde on this sober Mules pace but a sheete or two further, I shall haue a long beard lyke an Irish mantle droppe out of my mouth before I be aware.

Marry God forfend, for at no hand can I endure to haue my cheeks muffled vp in furre like a Muscouan, or weare any of this VVelch freeze on my face.

O it is a miserable thing to dresse haire like towe twixt a mans teeth, when one cannot drinke but hee must thrust a great sponge into the cup, & so cleanse his coole porridge as it were through a strayner ere



## Foure Letters

it comes to his lippes.

This second Epistle I haue said prettily well too, I thinke we were best begin **THIRDLY** **VVHERE-**  
**AS**, for feare a volume steale vpon vs vnlookt for,

### The Arrainment and Exe-

cution of the third Letter.

*To euerie Reader fauourably or indifferently  
affected.*

**T**EXT stand to the Barre. Peace there belowe.  
*Albeit for these twelue or thirteene yeares no  
man hath bene more loath or more scrupulous  
than my selfe &c.*

The body of mee hee begins like a proclamation:  
sufficeth it wee knowe you your minde though you  
say no more.

Is not this your drift? you would haue the worlde  
suppose you were vrgde to that which proceeded of  
your owne good nature: like some that will seeme to  
bee intreated to take a high place of preferment vp-  
pon them, which priuile before they haue prayde  
and payde for, and put all their strength to clymbe  
vp to.

You would foist in *non causam pro causa*, haue it  
thought your flight from your olde companions ob-  
scuritie and silence was onely with *Aeneas* to carry  
your Father on your backe through the fire of slaun-  
der, and by that shift with a false plea of patience vn-  
iustly driuen from his kingdome, filch away the harts  
of the Queenes liege people.

The backe of those creple excuses I haue broke  
in



## Confuted.

in the beginning of my booke, if you haue anie new  
infringement to destitute the inditement of forgerie  
that I bring against you, so it is.

Heere enters Argumentum a te-  
*stimonio humano*, like *Tamberlaine* drawne in  
a Chariot by foure Kings.

**I** THAT IN MY YOUTH FLATTERED NOT  
MY SELFE VVITH THE EXCEEDING COM-  
MENDATION OF THE GREATEST SCHOL-  
LER IN THE VVORLD, &c.

*Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus auena.*

Ah neighbourhood, neighbourhood, dead and bu-  
ried a t thou with Robinhood, a poore creature here  
is faine to commend himselfe, for want of friendes to  
speake for him.

Not the least, but the greatest Schollers in the  
VVORLD, haue not only but exceedingly fedde him  
fat in his humor of *Braggadocchio Glorioso*.

*Yea Spencer him hath often Homer tearmd,  
And Mounſier Bodkin vowd as much as he:  
Yet cares not Nashe for him a halte peny.*

Lamentable, lamentable, that an indifferent vn-  
toward ciuill Lawyer, who hath read *Plutarch De v-  
tilitate capienda ab inimicis*, & can talke of *Titius* and  
*Sempronius*, shou'd be no more set by, but SET BY,  
thrust aside, while his betters carry the bredth of the  
street before them.

Misery will humble the haughtiest heart in the  
world: *Habemus rem confitentē*, he confesseth himself  
a sinner in vnsufficiency, yet for all that the aduersitie  
of



## Foure Letters

of vniuersall obloquy hath laide a heauie hand on him, still he retaineth (like conceald land) some part of his proud mind in a beggers purse, scorneth to say *Fortune my foe*, or aske a good word for Gods sake of anie man.

*In the plainnesse of his puffed vp nature, he will defie anie man that dare accuse him of that he is.*

V Why, why, *infractissime* PISTLEPRAGMOS, though you were young in yeares, fresh in courage, greene in experience, and over-weaning in conceipt (we will refuse nothing that you giue vs) when you priuately wrote the letters, that afterward (by no other but your selfe) were publicly diuulged; yet when the bladder is burst that held you vp swimming in selfe loue, you must not be discontented though you sink.

I haue toucht the vlcer of your Oratorship, in requiring the nick-name of *The Devils Orator*. An Vlcer you may well christen it, as an vlcer is a swelling, for it was a swelling of ambition, no modest petition of anie merit of yours that did craue it.

The olde Foxe Doctor Perne throughly discouered you for a young Foppe, or else halfe a word of our high Chancellors commendation had stood with him inuiolable as an Act of Parliament.

Great men in writing to those they are acquainted with, haue priue watch-words of denyal, euen in the highest degree of praising; they haue many followers, whose dutifull seruice must not bee disgrac'd with a bitter repulse in anie suite though vnlawfull.

It may bee some of these long deseruers of his followers laboured him for thee, hee like *Argus* hauing eyes that pierce into all estates, saw thee when thou wert vnscene of thy selfe, and knowing thee to bee

VNWOR-



## Confuted.

vnworthy of any place of worth, would not discountenance his men in so smal a matter, but writ for thee very vehemently outwardly, when the soule of his letter (into which thy shallowe braine could not descend) included thy vtter mislike.

*Tong blond is hot, youth hastie, ingenuitie open, abuse impatient, chollic stomachous, temptations busie.* In a word, the Gentleman was vext, and cutte his bridle for verie anger.

*The tickling and stirring inuective vaine, the puffing and swelling Satiricall spirit* came vpon him, as it came on *Coppinger* and *Arthington*, when they mounted into the pease-cart in Cheape-side and preacht: needes hee must cast vp certayne crude humours of English Hexameter Verses that lay vpon his stomacke, a Noble-man stoode in his way as he was vomiting, and from top to toe he all to berayd him with *Tuscanisme*.

The Mappe of Cambridge lay not farre off when he was in the depth of his drudgery, some part of the excrements of his anger fell vpon it: poore Doctour *Pernes* picture stoode in a corner of that Mappe, and by the misdemeanour of his mouth it was cleane defac'd.

*Signior Immerito* (so called, because *he was and is his friend* vnderferuedly) was counterfeitly brought in to play a part in that his Enterlude of Epistles that was hist at, thinking his very name (as the name of *Ned Allen* on the common stage) was able to make an ill matter good.

I durst on my credit vndertake, *Spencer* was no way priue to the committing of them to the print. Committing I may well call it, for in my opinion *G. H.* should not haue reapt so much discredite by beeing



## Foure Letters

committed to Newgate, as by committing that misbeleeuing prose to the Presse.

I haue vially seene vncircumcised doltage haue the porch of his Parim pilfries very hugely pestred with praises. *Hay gee* (Gentlemen) comes in with his Plowmans whistle in prayse of *Peter Scurfe* the peane-man, and *Turlery ginkes* in a light foote Iigge libels in commendation of little witte verie loftily: but for an Author to renounce his Christendome to write in his owne commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers and Godmothers gaue him in his baptisme, and call himselfe *a welwiller to both the writers*, when hee is the onely writer himselfe; with what face doe you thinke hee can aunswere it at the day of iudgement? *Est in te facies sunt apti lusibus anni*, *Gabriell*, thou canst play at fast and loose as well as a nie man in England.

I will not lye or backbite thee as thou hast done mee, but are not these thy wordes *to the curteous Buyer*.

*Shew mee or Immerito two English letters in print, in all pointes equall to these, both for the matter it selfe, and also for the manner of handling, and say wee neuer saw good English in our liues.*

Againe, *I esteeme them for two of the rarest and finest treaties, as well for ingenuious denising, as significant uttering, & cleanly conueying of his matter, that euer I read in this tongue, & I hartily thank God for bestowing upon vs such proper and able men with their penne.*

You must conceit hee was in his chamber-fellowe *welwillers* cloke when he spake this, the white-liuerd slaue was modest, and had not the hart to say so much in his owne person, but he must put on the vizard of an *undiscreete friend*.



## Confuted.

It is not worth the rehearſal, he ſcribled it in ieast for exerciſe of his ſpeech and ſtile, &c. and it was the ſniſter hap of thoſe vnfortunate letters to be derided & ſcoft at throughout the whole realme.

The ſharpeſt part of them were read over at Counſell Table, and he referd over to the Fleet to beare his old verſe-fellow noble M. Valanger company.

There was no remedie for it but melancholy patience.

A recantation he was glad to make by way of articles or poſitions, which hee moderates with a milder name of an apologie, & that recantation purchaſt his libertie. VVherefore in gratefull lieu of the benefite he receiu'd by it (although he hath hitherto vnworthily ſuppreſt it) yet he means to take occaſion by this extraordinary prouocation to publiſh it, with not ſo few as ſortie ſuch Academicall exerciſes, and ſundrie other politike diſcourſes.

And I deeme he will be as good as his word, for euer yet it hath beene his wont, if he writ but a letter to any friend of his, in the way of thanks for the pottle of butter, gamon of bacon, or cheeſe that he ſent him, ſtraight to giue coppies of it abroad in the world, and propound it to yong gentlemen he came in company with, as a more neceſſary & refined methode of familiar Epiſtles than the Engliſh tongue hath hitherto been priuy to.

Lord that men ſhoulde bee ſo maliciously bent to frame a matter of ſome thing, he takes a pleaſurable delight to behaue himſelf ſo that he may be laught at, how would you prate and inſult if you knewe as much by him, as he knows by himſelfe.

Nashe do thy worſt, the three brothers bid a Fico for thee, diſcommend thou them neuer ſo much, they will palpably praiſe, and ſo conſequently diſ-



## Foure Letters

praise themselves more in one booke they set foorth, than thou canst disparage them in tenne: yea, rather than faile, Maister Bird shall leaue copying out letters of newes, and meeter it mischieuoufly in maintenance of their scurrilitie and ruditie.

Three to one *parma foy* is oddes, not one of them writes an Almanacke, but hee reckons vp all his brothers.

Bee it spoken heere in priuate; *Musa Richardetti fatrizat sat bene pretty*: The Muse of dappert Dickie doth sing as sweet as a cricket.

*Nosti manum & stilum Gabriel*: it is thine own verse in *Aedes Valdineses*, all saue the inserting of pretty in stead of *certe* for rimes sake.

Had Phisition *Iohn* liu'd, or not dyde a little afore Dog-dayes, a sinode of Pispots would haue concluded, that *Pierce Pennilesse* should be confounded without repriue.

The Spanyards ca'd their inuasive flecte agaynst England the Nauie inuincible, yet it was ouercome. Lowe shrubbes haue outliu'd high Cedars, one true man is stronger than two theeuers, *Gabriell & Richard*. I proclaime open warres with you: March on, *Iocus, Ludus, Lopus*, my valiaunt men at armes, and forrage the frontiers of his *Fantasticallitie*, as you haue begun.

*Tubalcan* alias *Tuball*, first founder of Farriers Hall, heere is a great complaint made, that *utriusque Academia Robertus Greene* hath mockt thee, because hee saide, that as thou wert the first inuenter of Musicke, so *Gabriell Howliglasse* was the first inuenter of English Hexameter verses. *Quid respondes?* canst thou brooke it yea or no? Is it any treason to thy well tuned hammers to say they begat so renowned a childe as

Mu-



## Confuted.

Musicke? Neither thy hammers nor thou I know if they were put to their booke oaths will euer say it.

The Hexamiter verse I graunt to be a Gentleman of an ancient house (so is many an english begger) yet this Clyme of ours hee cannot thriue in; our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in, hee goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running vpon quagmiers vp the hill in one Syl- lable and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately sinooth gate, which he vaunts himselfe with amongst the Greeks and Latins.

*Homer, and Virgil, two valorous Authors, yet were they neuer knighted, they wrote in Hexameter ver- ses: Ergo, Chancer, and Spencer the Homer and Virgil of England, were farre ouerseene that they wrote not all their Poems in Hexamiter verses also.*

In many Countries veluet and Satten is a com- moner weare than cloth amongst vs, *Ergo* wee must leaue wearing of cloth, and goe euerie one in veluet and satten, because other Countries vse so.

The Text will not beare it good *Gilgillis Hobberde- boy.*

*Our english tongue is nothing too good, but too bad to imitate the Greeke and Latine.*

Master *Stannyhurst* (though otherwise learned) trod a foule lumbring boystrous wallowing measures in his translation of *Virgil*. He had neuer been praised by *Gabriel* for his labour, if therein hee had not bin so famously absurd.

*Greene* for dispraising his practise in that kinde, Is the *Greene Maister of the blacke Art*, the *Founder of vglie oathes*, the *father of misbegotten Infornatus*, the *Scriuener of Crossebiters*, the *Patriark of Shifters*, &c.

*The Monarch of Crossebiters, the wretched fellowe*



## Foure Letters

*Prince of Beggars*, *Emperour of Shifters*, hee had cald him before, but like a drunkē man that remembers not in the morning what he speakes ouernight, still he fetcheth Metaphors from Conny-catchers, & doth nothing but torment vs with tautologies.

Why thou arrant butterwhore, thou corqueane, & scrattop of scoldes, wilt thou neuer leaue afflicting a dead Carcasse, continually read therethorick lecture of Ramme-Allie? a wispe, a wispe, a wispe, rippe, rippe you kitchin stuffe wrangler.

VVert thou put in the Fleete for pamphleting? Bedlem were a meeter place for thee. Be not ashamed of your promotion, they did you honor that said you were Fleete-bound, for men of honor haue sailde in that Fleete.

VVast paper made thee betake thy selfe to *Limbo Patrum*, had it beene a booke that had beene vendible, yet, the opprobry had beene the lesse, but for Chandlers merchandize to be so massacred; for sheets that serue for nothing but to wrappe the excrements of huswiuerie in, *Proh Deum*, what a spite is it. I haue seene your name cutte with a knife in a wall of the Fleete I: when I went to visita friend of mine there. Let Maister Butler of Cambridge his testimoniall end this controuersie, who at that time that thy ioyes were in the Fleeting, and thou crying for the Lords sake out at an iron windowe, in a lane not farre from Ludgate hill, questiond some of his companions verie inquisitiuelie that were newlie come from London, what nouelties they brought home with them, amongst the rest he broke into this Hexamiter interrogatory very abruptlie.

But ah what newes doe you heare of that good Gabriel huffe snuffe, Knowne to the world for a foole, and clapt in the Fleete for a Rimer.



## Confuted.

Ist true *Gibraltar*, haue I found you, It was not without foundatiō that you burst into that magnificent insultation, I THAT IN MY YOUTH FLATTERED NOT MY SELFE, &c. for M. *Butler* for a Phisition being none of the least Schollers, hath commended you exceedingly for a foole & a Rimer. *He that threatned to coniuere up Martins wit*, hath written some thing too in your praise in *Pap-hatchet*, for all you accuse him to haue courtlie incensd the Earle of Oxford against you. Marke him well, hee is but a little fellow, but hee hath one of the best wits in England. Should he take thee in hand againe (as he flieth from such inferiour concertation) I prophecie that there would more gentle Readers die of a merrie mortality ingendred by the eternal iests he would maule thee with, than there haue done of this last infection. I my self that inioy but a mite of wit in comparison of his talēt, in pure affection to my natiue country, make my stile carry a presse saile, am faine to cut off half the streame of thy sport-breeding confusion, for feare it shoulde cause a generall hicket throughout England. *Greene* I can spare thy reuenge no more roome in this book, thou hast Phisitiō *John* with thee, cope thou with him & let me alone with the Ciuilian & Deuine, whom if I liue I will so vncessantly haunt, that to auoid the hot chase of my fierie quill, they shalbe constrained to ensconce themselves in an olde *Vrinall* case that their brother left behind him. Yet ere I bid thee good night, receiue some notes as touching his phisicallity deceased. *He had his grace to be Doctor ere he died.* As time may worke all things. In *Norfolke* where hee practised he was reputed a proper toward man at a medecine for the toothake, & one of the skilfullest Phisitions in casting the heayens water that ever came there.

How



## Foure Letters

*How well beloved of the chiefest Gentlemen (& Gentlewomen especially) in that shire, it is incredible to be spoken. Astra petit desertus*, hee is gone to heauen to write more Astrologically discourses, his brothers liue to inherite his olde gownes, and remember his notable sayings, amongst the which this was one: *Vale Galene*, farewell mine owne deare *Gabriell: Valet humana artes*, heart and good will, but neuer a ragge of money.

*Tunc tuares agitur paries cum proximus ardet.*  
Cloth-breeches house is burnt, and the flame goes a feasting to *Pierce Pennileffe* house next.

Neuer til now, *Gregory Habberdine*, went thy foure letters vp Newgate, vp Holburne, vp Tiburne, to hanging.

Gentlemen, by that which hath been already laid open, I doe not doubt but you are vnwauceringly resolved, this indigested Chaos of Doctourship, and greedy pothunter after applause, is an apparant Publican and sinner, a selfe-loue surfettted sot, a broken-winded galdbacke lade, that hath borne vp his head in his time, but now is quite foundred & tired, a scholar in nothing but the scum of schollership, a stale sopper at *Tullies Offices*, the droane of droanes, and maiester drumble-bee of non proficientes. VVhat hath he wrote but hath had a wofull end? VVhen did he dispute but hee duld all his auditorie? his Poetry more spiritlesse than smal beere, his Oratory Arts bastard, not able to make a man raiishingly weepe, that hath an Onion at his eye. In Latin like a louse he hath manie legges, many lockes fleec'd from *Tullie* to carry away and cloath a little body of matter, but yet hee moues but slowly, is apparaild verie poorely.

In English, ice is not so cold, yet on the ice of ignorance



## 21 Confuted.

rance will he slide. No wise man pittie him that perissheth so wilfully.

Iudge the world, iudge the highest Courts of appeale from the miscarried worlds iudgement (Cambridge and Oxford) wherein I haue trespased in *Pierce Pennilesse*, that hee shoulde talke of gnashing of teeth, yong Phactons, yong Icar, yong Chorebi, yong Babingtons.

Neuer was I in earnest til thus he twitted me with the comparisson of a traitour.

*Babington*, high was thy birth, I a bondslaue of fortune in comparisson of thee, thy fall greater than *Phactons*, thy offence as heynous as *Indasses*. May neuer more such foule seeds of offence be sowne in so anie a shape, may they be markt alwayes to mischief that meane as thou didst. The braunches of thy stocke remaines yet vnblasted with anie disobedience. God forbid that our forheades should for euer bee blotted with our forefathers misdemeanors. Die ill deeds with your vngratious ill dooers, the liuing haue no portion with the dead, hell once paid his due, heauen gates are open to succeeding posteritie.

Prate of *Pierce Pennilesse* and his paltrie as long as thou wilt, I will play at put-pinne with thee for all that thou art woorth, but of thy betters gette thee a better discoursing penne before thou descantes of.

L. *Greenes* inwardest companion pinched with want, vexed with discredit, tormented with other mens felicitie, and ouerwhelmed with his owne miserie, in a raving and frantike moode, most desperately exhibiteth a Supplication to the Deuill.

C. Heerein thou thinkst thou hast won the spurs from all writers, but God and Dame Fiction knows thou



## Foure Letters

thou art farre wide of thy ayme; for neither was I *Greenes* companion any more than for a carowse or two, nor pincht with any vngentleman-like want, when I inuented *Pierce Penilesse*.

*Pauper non est cui rerum suppetit usus*: only the discontented meditation of learning generally now a dayes little valued, and her professors set at naught & dihartened, caused mee to handle that plaintife subject more seriously.

*Vext with discredit* (Gabriel) I neuer was as thou hast beene euer since *Familiaritas peperit contemptū*, thy familiar epistles brought thee in contempt.

Though I haue beene pinched with want (as who is not at one time or another *Pierce Penilesse*) yet my muse neuer wept for want of maintenance as thine did in *Musarum lachryme*, that was miserably flouted at in *M. Winkfields* Comedie of *Pedantius* in Trinitie Colledge.

How am I tormented with other mens felicitie, otherwise thā saying, I know a Cobler that was worth five hundred pound, an hostler that had built a goodly Inne, & might dispend forty pound yearely by his land, a Carman that had whipt a thousand pound out of his horse taile; if I had likewise reckond vp a rope-maker, that by tormenting of hempe, & going backward (which the Deuill would nere doe) had turnd as many Mill fixpences ouer the thumbe, as kept three of his sonnes at Cambridge a long time, & that which is more, three proud sonnes, that when they met the hangman (their Fathers best chapman) would scarce put of their hats to him, why then thou shouldst haue had some colour of quarell, thy accusatiō might iustly haue enterd his title *pro aris & focis*, whereas now it is friuolous and forcelesse.



## Confuted.

The sharpest wits I perceiue haue none of the best memories, if they had, thou wouldst nere haue toucht mee with tormenting my selfe with other mens felicitie; for how didst thou torment thy selfe with other mens felicitie, when in the 28. Page of thy first tome of Epistles thou exclaimst *that in no age so little was so much made of, nothing aduaunst to be something, Numbers made of Ciphers*, that is by interpretatiō, all those that were aduaunst either in the Court or commonwealth at that time, had little to commend them, nothing in account worthy preferment, but were meere meacocks & Ciphers in comparison of thy excellent out-cast selfe that liu'dst at Cambridge vnmounted.

Hang thee, hang thee, thou common coosener of curteous readers, thou grosse shifter for shitten tapsterly iests, haue *imitated Tarltons play of the seauen deadly sinnes in my play of Pierce Penlesse*? whom hast thou not imitated then in the course of thy booke? thou hast borrowed aboue twenty phrases and epithites from mee, which in sober sadnesse thou makst vse of as thy owne, when thou wouldst exhort more effectuall.

Is it lawfull but for one preacher to preach of the ten commandements? hath none writ of the five senses but *Aristotle*? was sinne so vtterly abolished with *Tarltons* play of the seuen deadly sins, that ther could be nothing said *supra* of that argument?

Canst thou exemplifie vnto mee (thou in. potent moate-catching carper) one minnum of the particular deuice of his play that I purloind? There be manie men of one name that are nothing a kindred. Is there any further distribution of sins, not shadowed vnder these 7. large spreading branches of iniquity, on which a man may worke, and not tread on *Tarltons*



## Foure Letters

heelles. If not, what blemish is it to *Pierce Pennilesse* to begin where the Stage doth ende, to build vertue a Church on that foundation that the Deuill built his Chappell.

*Gabriell*, if there bee anie witte or industrie in thee, now I will dare it to the vttermost : write of what thou wilt, in what language thou wilt, and I will confute it and answere it. Take truths part, and I wil proue truth to be no truth, marching out of thy dūg-voiding mouth.

Diuinitie I except, which admits no dalliance : but in any other art or profession, of which I am not yet free, and thou shalt challenge me to trie maistries in, Ile bind my selfe Prentise too, and studie thoroughly, though it neuer stande mee in any other stead while I liue but to make one reply, only because I wil haue the last word of thee.

I would count it the greatest punishment that *In speech* could lay vpon mee, to be bound to studie the Danish tongue, which is able to make any Englishman haue the mumpes in his mouth, that shall but plunge through one full point of it, yet the Danish tongue, or any Turks, or hogs, or dogs tongue whatsoever would I learne rather than bee put downe by such a ribauldry *Don Diego* as thou art.

Heigh drawer, fil vs a fresh quart of new-found phrases, since *Gabriell* saies we borrow all our eloquence from Tauerns : but let it be of the mighty *Burdeaux* grape, pure *vino de monte* I coniure thee, by the same token that the *Deuils dawning schoole in the bottome of a mans purse that is emptie*, hath beene a gray-beard Prouerbe two hundred yeares before *Tarlton* was borne : Ergo no gramercy Dicke *Tarlton*. But the summe of summes is this, I drinke to you M. *Gabriell*,

on



## Confuted.

on that condition, that you shall not excruciate your braine to be conceited and haue no wit.

Since we are here on our prating bench in a close roome, and that there is none in company but you my approoued good friends *four Letters and certain Sonnets* your Pages; I will rehearse vnto you some part of the Methode of my demeanour in *Pierce Pennilesse*.

First, in so much as the principall scope of it is a most liuelie anatomie of sinne, the diuell is made speciall superuisor of it, to him it is dedicated, as if a man should compile a curious examined discouerie of whoredome, and dedicate it to the quarter Maisters of Bridewell, because they are best able to punish it.

Wherefore as there is no fire without some smoke; no complaint without some precedent cause of aggreeuance; I introduce in a discontented Scholler vnder the person of *Pierce Pennilesse*, tragicallie exclaiming vpon his partial-eid fortune, that kept an Almes boxe of compassion in store for euery one but him-selfe. He tels how he tost his imagination like a dogge in a blanket, searcht euerie corner of the house of Charitie to see if he could light on any that would set a new nappe of an old threedbare Cloake: but like him that hauing a letter to deliuer to a Scottish Lorde, when hee came to his house to enquire for him found no bodie at home but an ape that sate in the Porch and made mops and mows at him; so he deliuering his vnperusde papers to Powles Churchyard, the first that took them vp was the Ape *Gabriel*, who made mops and mows at them, beslaueing the outside of them a little, but could not enter into the contents, which was an ase beyonde his vnderstanding.



## Foure Letters

VVith the first and second leafe hee plaies verie pretilie, and in ordinarie termes of extenuating, veridits *Pierce Pennilesse for a Grammar Schoole wit*; saies his *Margin* is as deepe as leard as *Faulste præcor gelida*, that his *Muse* sobbeth and groneth verie pitconslye, bids him not cast himself headlong into the horrible gulph of desperation, comes ouer him that hee is a creature of wonderfull hope as his own inspired courage diuinely suggesteth, wils him to inchaunt some magnificent *Mecenas* to honour himselfe in honouring him, with a hundred such gracewanting Ironies cutte out against the w<sup>o</sup>ll, that woulde ieopard the best ioint of *Poetica licentia* to procure laughter, when there crinckled crabbed countenance (the verie resemblance of a sodden dogges face) hath sworne it woulde neuer consent therevnto.

Not the most exquisite thing that is, but the Couſel Table Asse Richard Clarke, may so Carterly deride.

Euerie Milke-maide can gird, with Ist true? How saie you lo? who would haue thought it? Good Beare bite not? A man is a man though hee hath but a hofe on his head.

No such light paiment *Gabriel* hast thou at my hands; I tell thee where, when, and how thou shewdſt thy selfe a *Dunſuall*.

Onely externall defects thou casts in my dish, nothing internall in thee, but I prooue that it is altogether excrementall.

A fewe Elegeicall verses of mine thou pluckest in pieces most ruthfullie, and quotes them against mee as aduantageable; together with some dismembred *Margin* notes, but all is inke cast away, you recouer no costs and charges. With one minutes studie Ile destroye more, than thou art able to build in ten daies.

Squeise



## Confuted.

Squeisethy heart into thy inkehorne, and it shall but congeal into clodderdgarbage of confutatiō, thy soule hath no effects of a soule, thou canst not sprinkle it into a sentence, & make euerie line leape like a cup of neat wine new powred out, as an Orator must doe that lies aright in wait for mens affections.

VVhome hast thou wonne to hate mee by light crawling over my Text like a Cankerworme.

Some superficial slime of poison hast thou driueled from thy pen in thy shallow scored sliding through my *Supplication*, which one pen ful of repurified inke will excessiue lie wash out. Shall I informe thee (that vnfruitfullie endeuorst to informe authoritie against me) why I infixd those Poeticall latine margēt notes to some fewe pages in the beginning of *Pierce Penniless*? I did it to explaine to such expected spiefauls as thou art, that it was no vncouth abhorrencie from the custome of former writers, for a man openly to bewaile his vnderferued ill destenie.

In the vncasing of thy brother *Richard*, I calculated the Natiuitie of the *Astrologicall Discourse*, I apparentlie fuggsted what a lewd piece of Prophecie it was, I registred the infinite scorne that the whole Realme intertaind it with, the Adages that ran vpon it, *Tarltons* and *Eldersons nigrum* *THETA* set to it, yet wilt thou that art the sonne and heire to shamelesse impudence, the vnlincall vsurper of iudgement from all his true owners, the *Hoyden* and pointingstock recreation of *Trinitie hall*, *Vanitas vanitatis & omnia vanitas*, inuest that in the highest throne of Art and Schollership, which ascrutinie of so manie millions of wel discerning condemnations hath concluded to be viler, than newesmungrie, & that which is vilest of all, no lesse vile than thy Epistles.

M ost



## Four Letters

Most voices, most voices, most voices; who is on my side who? Whether is the *Astrological Discourse* a better booke than *Pierce Pennilessse*? Gabriel hang-telow saies it is, I am the Defendant, and denie it, and yet I doe not ouercull my owne workes: His asse-ctri- on he countermures thus.

*Pierce Pennilessse is a man better acquainted with the Diuels of hell, than the Starres of Heauen: Ergo, the Astrological Discourse is better than the notorious diabolicall discourse of Pierce Pennilessse.*

Once againe I denie his Argument to bee of lawfull age. *Pierce Pennilessse* is a better Starmunger than a Duelmunger, which needeth no other FOR to corroborate it but this, that my yea, at all times is as good as his nay.

How is the *Supplication* a diabolicall Discourse, otherwise than as it intreats of the diuerse natures and properties of Diuels and spirits; in that far fetcht sense may the famous *defensarius against supposed Prophecies*; and the *Discoerie of Witchcraft* be called notorious Diabolicall discourses, as well as the *Supplication*, for they also intreate of the illusions and sundrie operations of spirits: Likewise may I say that those his four Letters now on their triall are four notorious lowlie Discourses, because they lyingly discourse little else saue *Greenes* lowlie estate before his death.

M. Churchyard our old quarrel is renewed when nothing else can bee fastned on mee, this Letter leapper vpbraideth mee with *crying you mercie*, I cannot tell, but I think you will haue a saying to him for it. Ther's no reason that such a one as he should presume to intermeddle in your matters, it cannot be done with any intent but to stirre mee vp to write against you a  
fresh



## Confuted.

fresh, which nothing vnder heau'n shall draw mee to doe. I loue you vntainedly, and admire your aged Muse, that may well be grand-mother to our grand-elouquentest Poets at this present.

*Sanctum & venerabile vetus omne Poema.*

*Shores wife* is yong, though you be steep in yeares, in her shall you liue when you are dead.

For that vnaduised indammagement I haue done you heretofore, Ile be your champion hence forward against any that dare write against you. Onely as euer you would light vpon a good cuppe of old sacke when you are most drie, pocket not vp this sic abute at a rakehell rampalions hands, one that when an iniurie is deepe buried in the graue of obliuion, shall seeke to digge it vp againe, recall that into mens memories which was consumed and forgotten.

Whoreson Ninihammer, that wilt assault a man & haue no stronger weapons.

The Italian saith, a man must not take knowledge of iniurie till he be able to reuenge it.

Nay but in plaine good fellowship, art thou so innocent & vnconceiuing, that thou shouldst ere hope to dash mee quite out of request by telling mee of the Counter, and my hostesse Penia.

I yeeld that I haue dealt vpon spare commodities of wine and capons in my daies, I haue sung *George Gascoignes* Counter-tenor; what then? VVilt thou peremptorily define that it is a place where no honest man, or Gentleman of credit euer came?

Heare what I say, a Gentleman is neuer thoroughly entred into credit till he hath beene there; & that Poet or nouice, be hee what he will, ought to suspect his wit, and remaine halfe in a doubt that it is not authenticall, till it hath beene scene and allowd in vn-



## Foure Letters

thrifts consistory.

*Grande doloris ingenium.* Let fooles dwell in no stronger houses than their Fathers built them, but I protest I should neuer haue writ passion well, or beene a peece of a Poet, if I had not arriu'd in those quarters.

Trace the gallantest youthes and brauest reuellers about Towne in all the by-paths of their expence, & you shall vnfallibly finde, that once in their life time they haue visited that melancholy habitation.

Come come, if you will goe to the sound truth of it, there is no place of the earth like it to make a man wise.

Cambridge and Oxford may stande vnder the elbowe of it.

I vow if I had a sonne, I would sooner send him to one of the Counters to learne lawe, than to the Innes of Court or Chauncery.

*My hostesse Penia*, thats a bugges word, I pry thee what Morrall hast thou vnder it? I will depose if thou wilt that till now I neuer heard of anie such English name.

There is a certaine thing cald *christian veritie*, & another hight *common sense*, and a third cleapt *humilitie*, they are more requisite and necessary for thee, than *modestie or discretion for mee and my companions*, of which would thou shouldst vnderstand, we are so well provided, that we can lend thee and thy brother *Richard* a great deale, and yet keepe more than wee shall haue need of for our selues.

V Vilt thou be so hardy and iron-visaged, to gain-say that thy brother Vicars Batchlours hood was not turnd ouer his eares for abusing of *Aristotle*, I know thou hast more grace than so, thou dost not contra-  
dict



## Confuted.

dict it flatly, but flubbers it ouer faintly, and comes to recapitulate not confute some of the phrases I vsde in the vnhandsoming of his diuinitiship.

I my selfe in the same order of disgracing thou singles them foorth will haue them vp againe, and see if thou or anie man can absurdifie the worst of them.

I say, and will make it good, that in the Astrologi- call discourse thy brother (as if hee had lately cast the heau'ns water, or beene at the anatomizing of the skies intrailes in Surgeons hall) prophesieth of such strange wonders to ensue from the starres distemperature, and the vnusuall adulterie of plannets, as none but hee that is bawd to those celestiaall bodie could euer descrie.

This too I will ratifie for truthable & legible English, that his Astronomy broke his day with his crediters, and Saturne & Iupiter prou'd honester men than all the world tooke them for.

That the whole Uniuersitie hist at him, Tarlton at the Theater made ieauses of him, and Elderton consumed his ale crammed nose to nothing, in beare-baiting him with whole bundels of Ballads.

All this he barely repeates without any disproue- ment or denudation at all, as if it were so lame in it selfe, that it would adnihilate it selfe with the onclie rehearfall of it.

For the gentilitie of the *Nashes* (though it might seeme a humor borrowed from thee to bragge of it) yet some of vs who neuer sought into it til of late, can proue the extancy of our auncestors before there was euer a ropemaker in England. Wee can vaunt larger petigrees than patrimonies, yet of such extrinsecall things common to tenne thousand calues and oxen, would not I willingly vaunt, only it hath pleased M. Printer both in this booke and *Pierce Pennilesse*, to



## Foure Letters

intaille a vaine title to my name, which I care not for, without my consent or priuie I here auouch.

But on the gentilitie of T. N. his beard, the maister Butler of Pembroke hall, stil I will stand to the death; for it is the very prince Eleſtor of peaks, a beard that I cannot bee perſwaded but was the Emperour *Dionisus* his, furnamed the Tyrant, when hee playde the ſchoolemaister in Corinth.

*Gabriell*, thou haſt a prery polwigge ſparrows taylor peake, yet maiſt thou not compare with his: thy Father, for all by thy owne confeſſion *hee makes haire*, had neuer the art to twilt vp ſuch a grim triangle of haire as that.

Be not offended honeſt T. N. that I am thus bold with thee, for I affect thee for the names ſake as much as any one man can do another, and know thee to be a fine fellow, and fit to diſcharge a farre higher calling than that wherein thou liu'ſt.

What more ſtuffe lurketh behind in this letter to be diſtributed into ſhop-duſt?

*Pierce Pennileſſe* is as childiſh and garish a booke as euer came in print; when he talks of the ſheepiſh diſcourſe of the Lambe of God and his enemies, he ſaies, it is monſtrous and abſurd, and not to bee ſufferd in a Chriſtian congregatiō; that Richard hath ſcund ouer the ſchoolmen, and of the froth of their folly made a diſh of Diuinitie brewelle which the Dogs would not eate.

If he ſaide ſo (as hee did) and can proue it (as hee hath done) by Saint *Lubecke* then *The Lambe of God* is as childiſh and garish ſtuffe as euer came in print indeede.

I but how doth *Pierce Pennileſſe* expiate the coinquination of theſe obiections.

*Richard*, whom (because he is his brother, he therefore



## Confuted.

fore censures more curious and rigorous, in calling him M. H. than hee would haue done otherwise) read the Philosophie Lecture in Cambridge with good liking and singular commendation, when *Aperse* was not so much as *Idoneus auditor ciuilis scientiæ*, Ergo, the Lambe of God beares a better Fleece than hee giues out it doth.

*Aperse* is improoued nothing since, excepting his old *Flores Poetarum*, and *Tarletons* surmounting rethorique, with a little euphuisme and Greenesse inough.

Gabriel reports him to the fauourablest opinion of those that know *Aperse* his Prefaces, rimes, and the very companie of his *Tarltonizing* wit his Supplication to the Diuel.

Quiet your selues a litle my Maisters, and you shal see mee dispearse all those cloudes well inough. That *Richard* read the Philosophie Lecture at Cambridge, I doe not withstand, but how?

Verie Lentenlie and scantlie, (farre bee it wee shu'd slander him so much as his brother *Richard* hath done, to saie he read it with good liking and singularity.) Credite mee, any that hath but a little refuse *Colloquium Latine*, to interseame a Lecture with, and can saie but *Quapropter vos mei auditores* may reade with equiualent commendation and liking.

I remember him woondrous well. In the chiefe pompe of that his false praise, I both heard him and heard what was the vniuersall slender valuation of him.

There was eloquent *Maister Knox*, (a man whose losse all good learning can neuer sufficiently deplore) twas he and one *Maister Jones* of Trinitie Colledge, that in my time with more speciall approbation conuerst in those Readings.



## Foure Letters

Since I haue heard of two rare yong men *M. Meriton* and another, that in supplying that place of succession haue surmounted all former mediocritie, and wonne themselues an euerlasting good name in the Vniuersitie.

These thou shouldst haue memoriz'd if any, but thou art giuen to speake well of none but thy selfe and thy two brothers.

Thrice fruitfull S. Iohns, how many hundred perfecter Schollers than the three brothers hast thou nurst at thy paps, that yet haue not shakte off obscuritie?

Mellifluous *P L A Y F E R E* one of the chief props of our age, & auntientest, and absolute Vniuersities present flourishing. V Where doe thy supereminent gifts shine to themselues, that the Court cannot bee acquainted with them.

Few such men speake out of Fames highest Pulpits, though out of her highest Pulpits speake the purest of all speakers.

Let me adde one word, and let it not bee thought derogatorie to anie, I cannot bethinke mee of two in England in all things comparable to him for his time. Seldome haue I beheld so pregnant a pleasaunt wit coupled with a memorie of such huge incomprehensible receipt, deepe reading and delight better mixt than in his Sermons.

*Sed quorsum hac*, how doe these digressions linke in with our *Subiectum circa quod?*

Flaunting *Richard* and his Philosophie Lecture, was vnder our fingers euen now, howsoeuer wee haue lost him. Hold the candle, and you shall see me cast a figure for him extempore: Oh hoh, I haue founde him without any further seeking. Giue me your eares



## Confuted.

*To Pean*, God saue them they are long ones.

Now betweene you and me declare as if you were at shrift, whether you be not a superlatiue blocke for al you readd the Philosophie Lecture at Cambridge: Brieflie, brieflie, let mee not stand all daie about you.

His conscience accuseth him, hee is stroke starke dumbe, onely by signes he craues to bee admitted in *forma pauperis* that we should let him passe for a pore fellow, and he will sell his birthright in learning with *Esau* for a messe of porridge.

*Cura leues loquuntur*, he hath but a litle cure to look too. *Maiores stupent*, more liuing would make him studie more.

For this once wee dispence with you because you look so penitentlie on it, but let not me catch you selling any more such twise sodden sawdust diuinitie as *the Lambe of God and his enemies*, for if I do, Ile make a dearth of paper in Pater-noster-rowe (such as was not this seauen yeare) onelie with writing against thee.

*A per se* a can doe it, tempt not his clemencie too much.

*A per se* a? Passion of God howe came I by that name; my godfather *Gabriel* gaue it mee, and I must not refuse it. Nor if you were priue whence it came would you hold it worthie to be refused; for before I had the reuerfion of it hee bestow'd it on a Noble man, whose new fashiond apparrell, and *Tuscanish gestures*, *cringing sidenecks*, *eyes glancing*, *fisnomie smerking*, hauing described to the full, he concludes with this verse,

*Euerie inch A per se a his termes and braneries in print.*

Hold you your peace *Nashe*: that was before you were *Idaneus auditor ciuilis scientie*. It may bee so, forthou wert a Libeller before I was borne. Yet vn-

der



## Foure Letters

der correction bee it spoken, I haue come to the schooles and purg'd rheume many a time, when your brother was Philosophie Lecturer, he wanted no *supplous pedie* to spend away his houre that I could help him with.

*What since I am improved*, you partly haue prooued to your cost, and may doe more at large if God send vs more leysure.

As for *Flores Poetarum*, they are flowers that yet I neuer sinelt too. Ile pawne my hand to a halfe penny I haue read more good Poets thorough, than thou euer hardst off.

The floures of your *Foure Letters* it may be I haue ouerlookt more narrowlie, and done my best deuoir to assemble them together into patheticall poesie, which I will here present to Maister Orator Edge for a New yeares gift, leauing them to his wordie discretion to be censured whether they be currant in inke-horisme or no.

*Conscious mind: canicular tales: egregious an argument: when as egregious is neuer vled in english but in the extreame ill part. Ingennitie: Ioniall mind: valarous Authors: inckeborne aduentures: inckeborne pads: putatine opinions: putatine artists: energeticall persuasions: Rascallitie: materiallitie: artificiallitie, Fantasticallitie: diuine Entelechy: loud Mentery: deceitfull perfidy: addicted to Theory: the worlds great Incendiario: frenixed furies: soueraigntie immense: abundant Canteles: canelous and aduentrous: cordiall liquor: Catilinarie and Phillipicks: perfunctorie discourses: Davids sweetnes olimpique: The Idce high and deepe Abisse of excellence: The only Unicorne of the Muses: the Aretinish mountaine of huge exaggerations: The grations law of Amnesty: amicable termes: amicable ends:*



## Confuted.

*end: Effectuate: addoulce his melodie: Magy polime-  
chany: extensiuely emploid: precious Traynment: No-  
nelllets: Notorietie negotiation: mechanician.*

Nor are these all, for euerie third line hath some of this ouer-rackt absonisme. Nor do I altogether scum off all these as the newe ingendred some of the English, but allowe some of them for a neede to fil vp a verse; as *Traynment*, and one or two wordes more, which the libertie of prose might well haue spar'd. In a verse, when a worde of three sillables cannot thrust in but sidelings, to ioynt him euen, we are oftentimes faine to borrowe some lesser quarry of elocution from the Latine, alwaies retaining this for a principle, that a leake of indefinence as a leake in a shippe, must needly bee stoppt, with what matter soeuer.

*Chaucers* authoritie I am certaine shal be alledgd against mee for a many of these baldunctums. Had *Chaucer* liu'd to this age, I am verily perswaded hee would haue discarded the none halfe of the harsher sort of them.

They were the Oouse which overflowing barbarisme, with drawne to her Scottish Northern channell, had left behind her. Art like yong grasse in the spring of *Chaucers* flourishing, was glad to peepe vp through any slime of corruption, to be beholding to the ear'd not whome for appaile, trauiailing in those colde countries. There is no reason, that shee a banisht Queene into this barraine soile, hauing monarchizd it so long amongst the Greeks and Romanes, shou'd (although warres furie had humbled her to some extremitie) still be constrained when she hath recovered her state, to weare the robes of aduersitie, iet it in her old rags, when she is wedded to new prosperitie.



## Foure Letters

*Vere moribus praeferis, saith Caius Caesar in Annae Gellius, loquere verbis presentibus.*

Thou art mine enemy *Gabriell*, and that which is more, a contemptible vnder-foote enemy, or else I would teach thy olde *Trewantship* the true vse of words, as also how more inclinable verse is than prose to dance after the horizonant pipe of inueterate antiquitie.

It is no matter, since thou hast brought godly instruction out of loue with thee, vse thy own destruction, raigne sole Emperour of inkehornisme, I wish vnto thee all superabundant increase of the singular gifts of absurditie, and vaine glory: from this time forth for euer, euer, euer, euer more maist thou be canonized as the *Nun parreille* of impious epistlers, the short shredder out of sandy sentences without lime, as *Quintillian* learned *Seneca* all lime, and no sande; all matter, and no circumstance, the factor for the Fairies, and night Vrchins, in supplanting and setting aside the true children of the English, and suborning inkehorne changlings in their steade, the galimafric of all stiles in one standish, as imitating euery one, & hauing no seperate forme of writing of thy owne; and to conclude, the onely feather-driuer of phrases, and putter of a good word to it when thou hast once got it, that is betwixt this and the Alpes. So bee it worlde without ende. Chroniclers heare my prayers. Good Maister *Stone* be not vnmindfull of him.

Thats well remembered, now I talke of Chroniclers, I founde the Astrologicall discourse the other night in the Chronicle. *Gabriell* will outface vs it is a worke of such deepe arte & iudgement, when it is expressly past vnder record for a coofening prognostication. The wordes are these, though somewhat a-

breui.



## Confuted.

breuiated; for he makes a long circumlocution of it.

In the yeare 1583. by meanes of an Astrologicall discourse vpon the great and notable coniunction of Saturne and Iupiter, the common sort of people were almost dzu'n out of their wits, and knew not what to doe: but when no such thing hapned, they fell to their former securitie, and condemned the discourser of extreame madnesse and follie.

*Ipsissima sunt Aristotelis verba*, they are the verie words of Iohn Tell-troth in the 1357. folio of the last edition of the great Chronicle of England.

*Mehercule quidem*, if it be so taken vp, *Pierce Pennilesse* may well cast his cappe after it for euer ouertaking it. But some thing euen now *Gabriell* thou wert girding against my *præfates and rimes*, and the *timpanie of my Tarletonizing wit*.

V Vell these be your words, *præfates and rimes*, let mee studie a little *præfates and rimes*. *Minimè verò, si ais nego*. I neuer printed rime in my life but those verses in the beginning of *Pierce Pennilesse*, though you haue set foorth,

*The stories quaint of manie a doutie flie,*

*That read a lecture to the ventrous elfe.*

And so forth as followeth in chambling rowe.

Præfates two, or a paire of Epistles I will receyue into the protection of my parentage, out of both which, sucke out one *solacisme* or mishapen English word if thou canst for thy guts.

V Vherein haue I borrowed from *Greene* or *Tarleton*, that I should thanke them for all I haue? Is my stile like *Greenes*, or my ieasts like *Tarltons*? Do I talke of any counterfeit birds, or hearbs, or stones, or rake vp any new-found poetry from vnder the wals of *Troy*? If I do, trip mee with it; but I doe not, therefore Ile



## Foure Letters

beso saucy as trip you with the grand lie. Ware stum-  
bling of whetstones in the darke there my maisters.

This I will proudly boast (yet am I nothing a kin-  
dred to the three brothers) that the vaine which I  
haue (be it a *median* vaine, or a madde man) is of my  
owne begetting, and ca's no man father in England  
but my selfe, neyther *Euphues*, nor *Tarlton*, nor  
*Greene*.

Not *Tarlton* nor *Greene* but haue beene contented  
to let my simple iudgement ouerrule them in some  
matters of wit. *Euphues* I readd when I was a little  
ape in Cambridge, and then I thought it was *Ipse ille*,  
it may be excellent good still for ought I kuow, for I  
lookt not on it this ten yeare: but to imitate it I ab-  
horre, otherwise than it imitates *Plutarch*, *Quid*, and  
the choicest Latine Authors.

If you be aduise I tooke *shortest vowels and long-  
est mutes* in the beginning of my booke as suspicious  
of being accessarie to the making of a Sonnet wher-  
to Maister *Christopher Birds* name is set, there I saide  
that you mute forth many such phrases in the course  
of your booke which I would point at as I past by:  
Heere I am as good as my word, for I note that thou  
beeing afraide of beraying thy selfe with writing,  
*wouldest faine bee a mute*, when it is too late to repent.  
Againe, thou reuiest on vs and saist, *that mutes are  
coursed and vowels haunted*. Thou art no mute, yet  
shalt thou be haunted and coursed to the full. I will  
nener leaue thee as long as I am able to lift a pen.

Whether I seeke to bee counted a terrible bulbeg-  
ger or no, He baite thee worse than a bull so that the  
thou shalt desire some body on thy knees to helpe  
thee with letters of commendation to *Bull* the hang-  
man, that he may dispatch thee out of the way before

more



## Confuted.

more affliction come vpon thee.

*All the inuettive and satericall spirits shall then bee thy familiars,* as the furies in hell are the familiars of sinfull ghosts to follow them and torment them without intermission: thou shalt bee double girt with girds, and scost at till those that stand by do nothing but cough with laughing.

Thou saiest I professe the art of railing, thou shalt not say so in vaine, for if there bee any art or depth in it, more than *Aretine* or *Agrippa* haue discovered or diu'd into, looke that I will sound it and search it to the vttermost, but ere I haue done with thee ile leaue thee the miserablest creature that the sunne euer sawe.

There is no kind of peaceable pleasure in poetrie, but I can drawe equally in the same yoke with the haughtiest of those foule-mouthd backbiters, that say I can do nothing but raile.

I haue written in all sorts of humors priuately I am perswaded, more than any yoong man of my age in England.

The weather is cold, and I am wearie with confuting, the remainder of the colde contents of this Epistle be these.

He enuiously indeuors since he cannot reuenge himselfe to incense men of high calling against me, and wold inforce it into their opinions, that whatsoeuer is spokē in *Pierce Pennilesse*, concerning *Pesants*, *Clownes* & *hipocriticall hot-spurs*, *Midasses*, *Buckram Giants*, & the mightie Prince of darkenesse is meant of them, let him proue it, or bring the man to my face to whome I euer made any vndietisfull exposition of it, I am to be my own interpreter in this first case. I say in *Pierce Pennilesse* I haue set downe nothing but that which



## Foure Letters

I haue had my president for, in forraine writers, nor had I the least allusion to any man set about mee in in degree, but onely glanc'd at vice generallie.

The tale of the Beare and the Foxe, how euer it may set fooles heads a worke a farre off, yet I had no concealed ende in it, but in the one, to describe the right nature of a bloudthirsty tyrant, whose indefinite appetite all the pleasures in the earth haue no powre to bound in goodnes, but he must seeke a new felicitie in varietie of cruelty, and destroying all other mens prosperitie; for the other, to figure an hypocrite: Let it be *Martin* if you will, or some old dog that bites sorer than hee, who secretlie goes and seduceth country Swaines.

Makes them beleue that that honny which their bees brought forth was poysonous and corrupt.

That they may buy honny cheaper than by being at such charges in keeping of bees.

That it is not necessary they should haue such stately hives or lie sucking at such precious honnicombs.

If this (which is nothing else but to swim with the streame) be to tell tales as shrewdly as mother *Hubbard*, it shoulde seeme mother *Hubbard* is no great shrew, howeuer thou treading on her heeles sooft, thee may bee tempted beyonde her ten commandments.

A litle before this the foresaid fanaticall *Phobeter*, *geremumble*, *stirler in hisco*, or what you will, cald forth the biggest gunshot of my thundring tearmes steeped in *Aqua fortis* and gunpowder to come and trie them selues on his paper Target.

But that it is no credite *Galpogas* to discharge a Cannon gainst a lowse, thou shouldst not call in vaine, thou shouldst heare Tom a Lincolne roare with



## Confuted.

with a witnes, woe worth the daie & the yeare when thou hearest him. I feareblast thee nowe but with the winde of my weapon. With the wast of my words, I lay wait all the feeble fortifications of thy wit. Shewe mee the Vniuersities hand and scale that thou art a Doctour sealed and deliuered in the presence of a whole Commensment, and Ile present thee with my whole artillerie store of eloquence.

A bots on thee for mee for a lumpish leaden heeld letter dawber, my stile with treading in thy clammie steps is growne as heauie gated, as if it were bound to an Aldermans pace, with the irons at Newgate cald the widows Almes.

Ere I was chained to thee thus by the necke, I was as light as the Poet *Accius*, who was so lowe and so slender that hee was faine to put lead into his shooes for feare the winde shoulde blowe him into another Countrie.

Those that catch Leopards set cups of wine before them; those that will winne liking and grace of the readers, must set before them continually that which shall cheare them, and reuiue them.

*Gabriel*, thou hast not done so, thou canst not doe so, therefore thy works neither haue, nor can any way hinder mee, nor benefit the Printer.

Euen in the packing vp of my booke a hot ague hath mee by the backe. Maugre sicknesse worst, a leane arme put out of the bed shall grind and pass e- uery crum of thy booke into pin-dust.

The next peece of seruice thou dost against *Pierres Penniless*, is the naming of him *wofull pouereste*, and pleasant supposing thou puldst him by the ragged sleene: Then matchest thou thy selfe to *Ulysses*, and him to *Irus*, *Irris sunt hec omnia*: it is a sleenelesse ieast, I haue



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haue beſliu'd thee already for it, it toucheth the body and not the minde. Besides I was neuer altogether *Peter Poneretto*, vtterly throwne downe, desperately ſeperated from all means of releeuing my ſelfe, ſince I knew how to ſeperate a knaue from an honeſt man, or throw my cloake ouer my noſe, when I ſalied by the Counters.

The ragged cognizance on the ſleeue, I may ſay to thee, carried meate in the mouth when time was, doe not diſpraiſe it yet, for it hath many high partakers.

*Quae ſequuntur huiusmodi ſunt.*

Thou turmoilt thy *pin mater*, to proue baſe birils better than the ofspring of many diſcents, becauſe thou art a muſhrumpe ſprung vp in one night, a ſeely mouſe begotten on a moulehill, that wou'dſt fayne pearch thy ſelfe on the mountaines, when thy legges are too ſhort to overcome ſuch a long iourney of glorie.

My margent note, *Merit is expedito cauſam*, thou wou'dſt rather than any thing wreſt to an enditment of arrogance, & ſo branch mee into thy tiptoe ſtocke. I cannot ſee how thou canſt compaſſe it: For though I had them weigh the cauſe by deſerts, yet I did not aſſume too much to my owne deſerts, when I expoſtulated, why Coblers, Hoſtlers, and Carmen ſhould be worth ſo much, and ſo much, and I a ſcholler and a good-fellow a begger. How thou haſt arrogated to thy ſelfe more than *Lucifer*, or any *Miles glorioſus* in the worlde would doe, I haue already noted at large in his due place and order. If thou beſtowſt any curteſie on mee, and I do not requite it, then call mee cut, and ſay I was brought vp at Hoggenorton where pigges play on the Organs.

Wert thou well acquainted with me, thou ſhouldeſt

per-



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perceiue that I am very franke where I take, & send away none empty-handed that giue mee but halfe an ill worde.

It is a good signe of grace in thee, that thou confessest thou hast offences enough of thy owne to answer, though thou beest not charged with thy Fathers. Once in thy life thou speakest true yet, I beleue thee, and pittie thee. God make thee a good man, for thou hast beene a wilde youth hitherto.

Thy Hexameter verses, or thy hue and crie after a person as cleare as Christall, I do not so deeply commend, for al *Maister Spencer* long since imbrast it with an ouer-louing sonnet.

VVhy should friends dissemble one with another, they are very vgly and artlesse. You will neuer leaue your olde trickes of drawing *M. Spencer* into euerie pybald thing you do. If euer he praised thee, it was because he had pickt a fine vaine foole out of thee, and he would keepe thee still a foote by flattring thee, til such time as he had brought thee into that extreame loue with thy selfe, that thou shouldst run mad with the conceit, and so be scorned of all men.

Yet yet *Gabriell*, are not we set *non plus*, thy roister doisterdome hath not dasht vs out of countenance. If anie man vse boistrous horse-play, or bee beholding to *Carters Logique*, it is thy selfe; for with none but clownish and roynish icasts dost thou rush vppon vs, and keepst such a flurting and a flinging in euerie lease, as if thou wert the onely reasty iade in a country.

Skolding thou saiest is the language of strifes, railing the stile of rakebels; what concludst thou from thence? Do I scold? do I raile?

Scolding & railing is loud miscalling and reuiling one another without wit, speaking euery thing a man

L

knows



## Foure Letters

knows by his neighbour, though it bee neuer so contrary to all humanitie and good manners, and would make the standers by almost perbrake to heare it. Such is thy inuective against *Greene*, where thou talkst of his lowliness, his lurfeting, his beggerie, and she mother of *Infortunatus* infirmities. If I scold, if I raile, I do but *cum ratione insanire*, *Tully*, *Ouid*, all the olde Poets, *Agrippa*, *Aretine*, and the rest are all scolds and railers, and by thy conclusion flat shrewes and rakehels: for I doe no more than their examples do warrant mee.

The intoxicate spirit of grisly Euridice, I can tolle ouer as lightly to thee, as thou hast putt it to mee. My hart is præoccupied with better spirits, which haue left her no house-roume: thou hast no spirite as it should appeare by thy writing, intertaine her and the spirit of the buttery out of hand, or thou wilt be beaten hand-smooth out of Bucklars bury.

V When I parted with thy brother in *Pierce Peni-lesse*, I left him to be tormented world without ende of our Poets and writers about London, for calling them piperly make-playes and makebates, not doubting but they would driue him to this issue, that he should be constrained to goe to the chiefe beame of his benefice, and there beginning a lamēttable speech with *cur scripsi cur perij*, ende with *Prænum prænā decent, inuat in concessa voluptas*, & so with a trice trulle vp his life in the string of his lance-bell. Now heere thou thankst God thou art not so vncharitably bent to put so much wit in a speech, like a Parson in Lancashire that kneeld down on his knees in a zealous passion, and very hartily thankte God he neuer knew what that vile Antichristian Romish Popish Latine meant. Did I exhort inke and paper to pray that they might not bee troubled with



## Confuted.

with him any more? Inke and paper if they bee true Protestants will pray, that they may not be contaminated any more with such abomination of desolation, as the three brothers Apocripha pamphleting.

After all this foule weather ensueth a calme dilatement of others too forward harmefulnes, and thy owne backward irefulnesse; thats dispatcht, the court hath found it otherwise.

Then thou goest about to bribe mee to giue ouer this quarrell, and saist if I will holde my peace, thou wilt bestowe more complements of rare amplifications vpon mee, than euer thou bestowdest on Sir Philip Sidney, and gentle Maister Spencer.

Thou flatterst mee, and praifest mee.

To make mee a small seeming amendes for the injuries thou hast done mee, thou reckonst mee vp amongst the deare louers and professed sonnes of the Muses, Edmund Spencer, Abraham France, Thomas Watson, Samuell Daniell.

With a hundred blessings and many prayers thou intreatst mee to loue thee.

Content thy selfe, I will not.

Thou protestst it was not my person thou mislike (I am afraide thou wilt make mee thy Ingle) but my fierce running at Parson Richard, excusest mee by my youth, & promisset to cancell thy impertinent Pamphlet.

It were good hanging thee now thou art in such a good mind; yet for all this, a dogge will be a dogge, & returne to his vomit doe what a man can, thou must haue one squibbe more at the Deuils Orator, & his Dames Poet, or thy penne is not in cleane life. I will permit thee to say what thou wilt, to underlie (as thou desir'st) the verdict of Fame hir selfe, so I may lie aboue thee. LIE aboue thee, tell greater lies than thou dost



## Foure Letters

no man is able.

Thus O heavenly Muse I thanke thee for thou hast giu'n mee the patience to traue'l through the tedious wilderness of this Gomorian Epistle. Not *Hercules* when he clau'd the stables of *Ægeas*, vnder-tooke such a stinking vnsauorie exploit. By thy assistance through a whole region of golden lanes haue I iourned, & now am safely arriu'd at *not speedily dispatche but hastily bungled vp as you see*. Graunt that all such slow dispatchers & hastie bunglers may haue along time of reproach to repent them in, and not come abroad to corrupt the aire, & impostumate mens ears with their pan-pudding prose any more. So bee it, say all English people after mee, that haue eares to heare or eyes to reade.

*Feci, feci, feci*, had I my health, now I had leysure to be merry, for I haue almost wast my hands of the Doctour.

His own regenerate verses of the *iolly Fly*, & *Gibeline and Gwelfth* some peraduenture may expect that I should answere. So I would if there were anie thing in them which I had not answerd before; but there is nothing; if there were, hauing driuen his sword to his head, I respect not what he can do with his dagger. Onely I will looke vpon the last Sonnet of M. *Spencers* to the right worshipfull Maister G. H. Doctour of the lawes; or it may so fall out that I will not looke vpon it too, because (*Gabriell*) though I vehemently suspect it to bee of thy owne doing, it is popt forth vnder M. *Spencers* name, and his name is able to sanctifie any thing though falsely ascribed to it.

The fourth letter of our Orators to the same favorable or indifferent reader, was a letter which this many a long summers day I dare ieopard my maydenhead



## Confuted.

denhead had line hidden in his deske, for it is a shipmans hose that will serue any man as well as *Green* or mee.

To make short, in it as fortie times before, he brides it and simpers it out a crie, No forsooth God dild you hee would not that hee would: None so desirous of quiet as hee good olde man, who with a pure intent of peace, first put fire to the flame that hath hedged him in.

He hath preuented Maister *Bunnie* of the second part of his treatise of Pacification, for like some craftie ringleader of rebellion, when hee hath stirred vp a dangerous commotion, and findes by the too late examination of his forevnexaminde defects in himselfe, that so sweet a roote will hardlie effect correspondent fruits strait in pollicie to get his pardon, hee strikes saile to that tempest of sedition, and is thrice as earnest in preaching pacification, obedience, and subaission: so *Gabriel* when he hath stird vp against me what tumults he can in Stationers Shops, and left the quiver of his enuie not an arrow vndrawne out, hee finds by the audit of his ill consumed defectes that he is not of force inough to hold out, wherefore in pollicie to auoid further arrearages of infamie hee tires the text of reconciliation out of breath, and hopeth by the intercession of a cuppe of white wine and sugar, to be made friends with his fellow writers.

It cannot choise but he must of necessitie be a verie fore fellow, that is so familiar with white wine & sugar, for white wine in a maner is good for nothing but to wash sores in, and smudge vp withered beauty with. Well for all hee would haue *Pierce* make no warres on him, he makes warres on *Pierce Pennilesse*, he bebeggereth him again in this epistle verie boun-



## Foure Letters

tifullie hee saies that Lordes must take heede how they Lord it in his presence.

That the *Asse* is the onelie Author he alleadgeth.  
That *Greene* is an *Asse* in print, and he a calfe in print.

That they are both chieftaines in licentiousnesse, and truth can saie the abhominable villanies of such base shifting companions, good for nothing but to cast away themselves, spoile their adherents, &c.

For my beggerie let that trauell the countries, I haue saide more for it than a richer man would haue done, but that I take vppon me to Lord it ouer great Lords thou art a most lewd tuncd lurden to saie it.

Must they take heede how they Lord it in my presence, what must they doe then in thy presence,

That sitting like a looker on  
Of this worlds stage, dost note with critique pen,  
Thy sharpe dislikes of each condition:  
Ne fawnest for the fauour of the great,  
Ne fearest foolish reprehension,  
But freelie dost of what thee list intreate,  
Like a great Lord of peerelesse libertie,  
Lifting the good vp to high honors seate,  
And b' euill damning euermore to die,  
For life and death is in thy doomefull writing.

Whereas thou saist the *Asse* in a manner is the onely Author I alleadge, I must know how you define an *Asse* before I can tell how to answere you; for *Cornelius Agrippa* maketh all the Philosophers, Oratours, and Poets that euer were *Asses*: and if so you vnderstand that I alleadge no Author but the *Asse*, for all Authors are *Asses*, why I am for you; if otherwise, thou art worse than a *Cumane Asse* to leape before thou lookst, and condemne a man without cause.

What Authors dost thou alleadge in thy booke,  
not



## Confuted.

not two, but any Grammer Scholler might haue al-  
leadgd?

There is not three kernels of more than common  
learning in all thy *Four Letters*. Common learning?  
not common sense in some places.

Of force I must graunt that *Greene* came oftner in  
print than men of iudgement allowed off, but neuer-  
thelesse he was a daintie slaue to content the taile of  
a T earme, and stufte Seruing mens pockets.

An Ass *Gabriel* it is harde thou shouldst name  
him: for calling mee Calfe it breakes no square, but  
if I bee a calfe it is in comparison of such an Oxe as  
thy selfe.

*The chiefetaines of licentiousnes, and truth can say  
the abhominable villanies of such base shifting compani-  
ons, good for nothing, &c.* I am of the mind wee shall  
not digest this neither.

Answer me *succincte & expedite*, what one period  
any way leaning to licentiousnes, canst thou produce  
in *Pierce Pennilesse*?

I talke of a great matter when I tell thee of a peri-  
od, for I know two seuerall periods or full pointes in  
this last epistle, at least fortie lines long a piece.

For the order of my life it is as ciuil as a ciuil orange,  
I lurke in no corners but conuerse in a house of credit  
as well gouerned as any Colledge, where there bee  
more rare quallified men, and selected good Schollers  
than in any Noblemans house that I knowe in Eng-  
land.

If I had committed *such abhominable villanies, or  
were a base shifting companion*, it stode not with my  
Lords honour to keepe me, but if thou hast saide it &  
canst not proue it, what slanderous dishonor hast thou  
done him, to give it out that he keepes the committers  
of



## Foure Letters

*of abhominable villanies and base shifting companions,*  
when they are farre honeste than thy selfe.

If I were by thee I woulde plucke thee by the beard, and spit in thy face, but I would dare thee and vige thee beyonde all excuse to disclose and prooue for thy heart bloud what villanie or base shifting by mee thou canst, I defie althe worlde in that respect.

Because thou vsedst at Cambridge to shift for thy Friday at night suppers, and cosen poore victuallers and pie-wiues of Doctours cheese and puddinges, thou thinkst me one of the same religion too.

What *Greene* was, let some other answer for him as much as I haue done, I had no tuition ouer him, he might haue writ another *Galathea* of manners, for his manners euerie time I came in his companie, I saw no such base shifting or abhominable villanie by him. Something there was which I haue heard not seene, that hee had not that regarde to his credite in which had beene requisite he should.

VVhat a *Calimunco* am I to plead for him, as though I were as neere him as his owne skinne. A thousande there bee that haue more reason to speake in his behalfe than I, who since I first knew him about town haue beene two yeares together and not seene him.

But Ile doe as much for any man, especially for a deade man that cannot speake for himselfe. Let vs heare *how we are good for nothing but to cast awaie our selues, spoile our adherents, prais on our fauourers, dishonour our Patrons*. Haue I euer tooke any likelic course of casting away my selfe?

VVhom canst thou name that kept me company and reapt any discommoditie by mee, I can name diuers good Gentlemen *that haue beene my adherents*  
and



## Confuted.

*and fauourers a long time.* Let them report howe I haue spoilde them, or praid on them, or put them to one pennie detriment since I first consoorted with the.

Haue an eie to the maine-chaunce, for no sooner shall they vnderstand what thou hast said by mee of them, but theyle goe neere to haue thee about the cares for this geare one after another.

My Patrons or anie that bind me to them by the least good turne, there is no man in England that is or shall (for my small power) bee more thankfull vnto than I. Neuer was I vnthankfull vnto any, no nor to those of whome for deedes I receiued nothing but vnperformed deede promising words. It is an honor to be accusde and not conuinft.

One of these months I shall challenge martirdome to my selfe, and writ large stories of the persecution of tongues. Troth I am aslike to persecute as be persecuted. Let him take vp his Crosse and blesse himselfe that crosseth mee, for I will crosse shinnes with him though euerie sentence of his were a thousande tunnes of discourses, as *Gabriel* saith euerie sentence of his is a discourse. Quods, quods giue mee my Text pen againe, for I haue a little more Text to launce.

*The secretaries of art and nature, if it were not for friuolous contentions, might best ad the comon-welth with manie puissant engins.* As for example, *Bacons* brazen nose, *Architas* wodden doue, dancing bals, fire breathing gourdes, artificiall flies to hang in the aire by themselues, an egshell that shall run vp to the toppe of a speare.

*Archimides* made a bea'n of brasle, but we haue nothing to do with olde brasle and iron.

*Appollonius Regiusontanus* did manie pretie iuggling tricks, but wee had rather drinke out of a glasse



## Foure Letters

than a Iugge, vse a little brittle wit of our owne, than borrow any miracle mettall of Deuils.

Amongst all other stratagems and puissant engines what say you to *Mates Pumpe* in Cheapeside, to pumpe ouer mutton and porridge into Fraunce: this colde weather our souldiors I can tell you haue need of it, and poore field mice they haue almost got the colicke and stone with eating of prouant.

Consider of it well, for it is better than all *Bacons, Architas, Archimedes, Appollonius or Regiomontanus* deuices: for *Gabriell* that professeth all these, with all their helpe cannot make the bias bowle at *Saffron Walden* run downe the hill, when it is throwne down with the hardest hand that may bee, but it will turne vp the hill againe in spite of a mans teeth, and that which is worst, giue no reason for it.

*The Parrat and the Peacock* haue leisure to reuine & repolish their expired workes, you speake like a friend, wele listen to you when you haue repolished and expired your perfected degree. A Demy Doctor, what a shame is it?

Because your books do call for a litle more drinke and a few more clothes when they are gone to bed, that is, when they lie dead, you thinke ours should do so too. No, no, we doe not vse to clappe a coat ouer a ierkin, or thrust any of the children of our braine into their mothers wombe againe, & beget them a new after they are once borne. If it bee a horne booke at his first conception, let it be a horne booke still, and turne not cat in the panne, conuert the Paternoster to a Primer, when it hath begd it selfe out at the el-bowes vp and downe the cuntrey.

Thou didst thou knewst not what in eeking this thy short-wasted Pamphlet, itis as thou saist of thy selfe



## Confuted.

*Selfe, Thou art an old srewant, fitter to plaie the dumbe dogge with some antients, than the hissing snake.*

VVhobe those antient dumbe dogs? we shal haue you a Martinist when all comes to all, because you cannot thriue with the Ciuill Law, and that you may marry her for any thing you are a kindred to her, therefore you wil compare *Whitegift* and *Cartwright*, white and blacke together, name the highest gouernours of the Church without giuing them anie reuerence or titles of honour, imbrace anie religion which will be euen with the profession that fauors not you.

There is no baile or maineprise for it, but wee must haue you in the first peeping forth of the spring, preaching out of a Pulpit in the woods: you haue put on wolues raiment already, seduced manie simple people vnder the habit of a sheepe in *Wolfs* print. If you protest & lie any more, it is not your ending here like a sermon, that will make you bee reputed for a saint.

Readers, a decaied student lately shipwrackt with *Si uales bene est*, hauing foure Lightors of Letters, cleane cast away on the rocks called the Bishop & his Clarks, desires you all to pray for him, and he will commend you all to God in the next sermon he penneeth for his brother *Richard*.

He hath a mind to pay euery man his owne, though hee hath sustained great losse in fight, *that which he cannot effect he beseecheth the Lord to accomplish, and euen to worke a miracle vpon the deafe.*

Lord if it be thy will, let him be an Ass still. Gentlemen, I haue no more to say to the Doctor, dispose of the victorie as you please, shortly I will present you with something that shal be better than nothing, onely giue mee a gentle hire for my durtie day labor, and I am your bounden Orator for euer.



*Sonnet.*

Were there no warres, poore men should haue no peace,  
Vncessant warres with waspes and droanes I erie:  
Hee that begins, we knowe not how to cease,  
They haue begun, Ile follo v till I die,  
Ile heare no trace, wrong gets no graue in mee,  
Abuse pell mell encounter with abuse:  
Write hee againe, Ile write eternally.  
Who feedes reuenge hath found an endlesse Muse.  
If death ere made his blacke dart of a pen,  
My penne his speciall Bailly shall becom:  
Some what Ile be reputed of mongst men,  
By striking of this duns or dead or dum.  
Awaite the world the Tragedy of wrath,  
What next I paint shall tread no common path.

*Aut nunquam tentes aut per fice.*

Tho. Nashe.

**Observations for the Readers of this booke.**

Item whatsoever for the most part is here in this booke  
in change of letter, is our aduersaries owne Text, and be-  
warr'd words, either in this his convicted Foure Letters, or  
some other fustie treatise, set forth by him heretofore.

Then that I am vexted and bitterly divorc'd from my  
owne inuention, & constrained still still, before I am warme  
in any one vaine, to stare & daze sodainely, and follow him in  
his hantie.

Finally, Printers haue many false stiches which are thus  
to bee drawen vp.

In the second page of C. for Baboune brother, reade Baboune his brother.  
in the 7. for allegorized & Abdias. reade allegorized Abdias. in the 8. for  
set hand, reade set his hand. idem for headman, read headman. in the first of  
D. for Liur post quiet, reade Liur post fata quietat. In the 5. for plaister  
of Doctourship, reade plaistrie or dawbing of Doctourship. in the 7. for  
insolent inckehorne worme, reade insolent incke worrne, in the 2. of E. for  
Ass in present, read Ass in presenti. in the 3. for bestow vpon, reade bestow  
vpon him. in the 5. for effect, read efficacie. in the 4. of F. for vertuous Syr  
Iohn Norris, read victorious Syr Iohn Norris. in the 5. page of H. for I intro-  
duce in a discontented Scholler, read I introduce a discontented Scholler. in  
the 8. for his assertion, reade His assertion. in the 5. of I. for veris companie,  
reade veris companie. in the 5. page of K. for in this first case, reade first in  
this case.

**FINIS.**



Trillo Prins

Cabrin - Mont

Carre 7.1<sup>4</sup>  
7.12

Harde Peake / beed  
7.2

(Peake devent! }  
twalt }